

The Sketch

No. 1216—Vol. XCIV.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1916.

SIXPENCE.

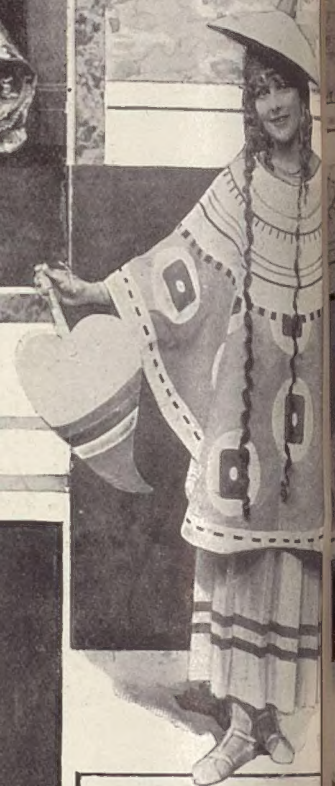


MA PETITE IN "THE HAPPY DAY," AT DALY'S: MISS UNITY MORE.

It was arranged to re-open Daly's on Saturday, May 13, with the new musical play, "The Happy Day," by Mr. Seymour Hicks, with lyrics by Messrs. Adrian Ross and Paul A. Rubens and music by Messrs. Sidney Jones and Paul A. Rubens. Miss

Unity More plays Ma Petite. Others in the cast are the Misses José Collins, Winifred Barnes, Eva Kelly, Rosina Filippi, Messrs. Arthur Wontner, Thorpe Bates, Lauri de Frece, and G. P. Huntley.—[*Photograph by Rita Martin.*]

THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE — "HALF - PAST EIGHT"



1. A STUDY IN BLACK AND CHINTZ, HIGHLY GLAZED: SONG AND DANCE IN "A CHINTZ ROOM."
2. IN "A GARDEN NEAR SALONIKA": MISS MARGOT ERSKINE AS ITALY.

3. FROM THE LAND OF CHERRY-BLOSSOM: MISS BERYL CRAIGIE AS JAPAN.
4. KNITTING SOCKS FOR SOLDIERS: MISS ESTELLE WINWOOD AS ENGLAND.
5. A NIECE OF UNCLE SAM—AND VERY NICE, TOO: MISS MILLIE SIM, AS AMERICA.

There are some very pretty dresses, and some very pretty people inside them, in the new revue at the Comedy, "Half-Past Eight," which is modestly described on the programme as "one of those musical things." It is not only musical, but amusing. In the first scene the Comedy Theatre is saved from the disaster of having a revue without a chorus (all the girls having become 'bus-conductors, and so on) by the arrival of a country bumpkin with sixteen pretty daughters. In Scene 2 they get to work as a chorus, and among other items is a song, "My Garden," sung by Miss Eileen Northe, assisted by a sort of human bouquet.

DRESSES, AND THEIR CONTENTS, AT THE COMEDY.



6. FROM THE EASTERN FRONT: MISS DORRIE KEPPEL AS RUSSIA.
7. FROM THE WESTERN THEATRE: MISS CISSIE LORRAINE AS BELGIUM.

8. IN FULL BLOOM: MISS EILEEN NORTHE SINGING "MY GARDEN" WITH CHORUS OF (LEFT TO RIGHT) POPPY, ROSE, VIOLET, BUTTERFLY, LILY, AND CARNATION.

Act II. opens in another garden, this time "Near Salonika," with an up-to-date version of an episode from Aristophanes. A modern Lysistrata attempts to bring the war to an end, as did her Aristophanic prototype, but is snubbed for her pains. The fair representatives of the Allies and America recall their wrongs, and Lysistrata's Pacifist efforts are of no avail. The last scene of all, "A Chintz Room," has some striking decorative effects, with costumes in glazed chintz and black, as shown in Photograph No. 1 above. Figures from the "chintz" chorus are also seen disposed round Photograph No. 4.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS TO LONELY SOLDIERS.

DISAPPOINTING PICKPOCKETS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."



YOU'D think that it's the responsible persons, such as papas and husbands—the people who pay, in fact—who'd be the crossiest at any new fashion. Well, those that are gnashing their teeth most energetically over the new boots are neither Dad nor Hub—they are the pickpockets! You

see, the latest way for women to carry whatever money they have is not in their hand-bag, nor pocket, not even in their handkerchief in a "lest-we-forget" knot—not much fear of forgetting! No; the Croesuses among us (lucky beggars!) carry their capital in their boot. Those of yous who are in town may have noticed (of course *not*! Yous always look straight ahead, don't yous? Eye on the horizon line—what?) that the latest *bottine* has a dainty little purse of the same material fixed outside. Pickpockets much preferred hand-bags—much handier for them. With the calf-purse it would be a difficult feat to raffle from the fair's boot any booty—unless the thieves went on their knees!

The simple, if painful, act of settling a bill can be made to look either like a Sandow exercise or a sudden curtsy to the astonished passer-by, according to the natural vivacity (and the stiffness of busks) of the purse-proud one!

I saw an amusing "scenelet" at a restaurant yesterday. A smart little lady who had been lunching alone—and remarkably well, too—at the end of her repast literally "footed" the bill by placing her foot on the chair and extracting a crinkly note from the side of her boot, to the amazement and disapproval of the conservative and dignified waiter. Some yous at a table a little farther off were—well, not exactly looking down their plates!

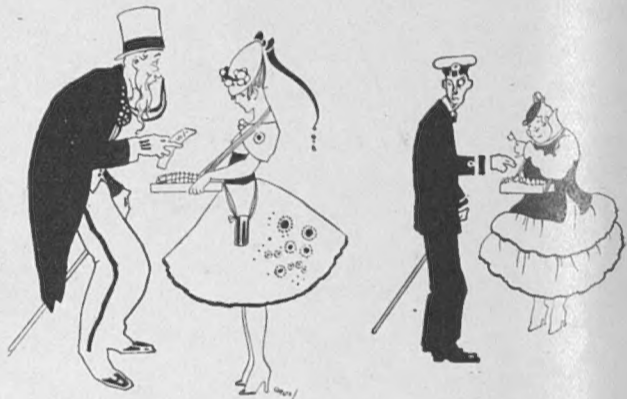
Just come back from a cutting-out afternoon. Rather fun when the right sort of women are there—by the right sort I mean your own special friends. You know, of course, what a cutting-out party is. It is an At Home held in the billiard-room instead of the drawing-rooms. There are lots of scissors thrown about; work-bags abound hanging on the billiard-cues; several sewing-machines fill the corners; the billiard-table is covered with a sort of wooden lid and is littered with tapes, pins, and paper patterns, and rolls and reels of flannel; half-a-dozen or more women flit about, buzzing and looking "beesy"; some of us wear quaint little Kangaroo aprons, with a very important pocket, you know, in which thimbles and small mirrors tintinnabulate.

And in this atmosphere we hear to-morrow's news, and discuss yous, and have tea, and try one another's hat, and—sometimes we even cut out on the big billiard-table! Now and then one of us looks at her wrist-watch—a replica of yours, only smaller and

prettier—and says, "Oh dear, oh dear! I'll miss my rehearsal, and won't the pros make a row!" For we all have rehearsals nowadays, not that one likes the limelight—oh dear, *no*!—but one must sacrifice one's inclinations in the cause of charity. And it gives the dress-makers and photographers and Society-columnists something to do—in these tame times of war they have so few things of real interest to write about! And amateur acting has its other uses—it gives us assurance, which we lack so much (what are yous smiling at?), and it enlivens the stage. Are not producers and stage-managers rather gloomy people, though? Are they always like that, I wonder? And professionals are a little impatient, too, sometimes; they don't seem to accept a fresh point of view nor outside advice as gratefully as they might—yet amateur's advice is so disinterested! At least, that's what Lady Vertugadin tells me. She is also "Shakespeare-appearing," of course, playing Rosalind in some private show or other for the relief of—I really can't think for whose relief! Anyway, she says that she must play Rosalind: she likes the costume so much, she feels she is cut out for it (and for the part also!)—she always wanted so awfully to be a boy.

Well, it seems that someone among the heartless "pros" who are helping to produce the thing said, "Why not Falstaff?" Lady Vertugadin can't tell whether in jest or seriously, "for you see, Phrynette, Falstaff has never been a woman's part before—is it that they discover in me some special qualities perhaps; what do you think?" What can one answer to such simplicity?

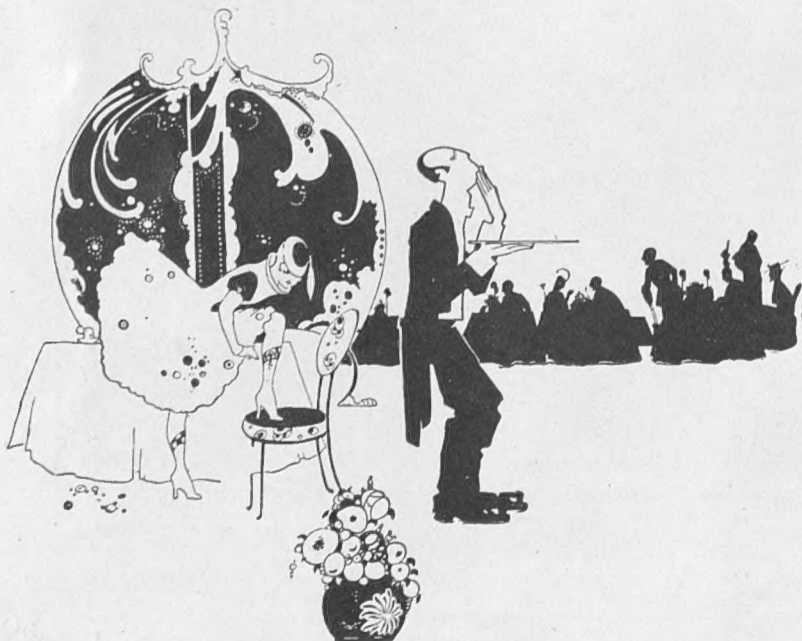
Then, to come back to our cutting At Home. Now and then in rushes a girl out of breath, with her hair blown about, her hat listing stern (you see, I have been hearing from Lonely Sailors to some advantage!), and with a box full of jingling coins. "Quick, give me a chair somebody, and six cups of tea!" She has been "flagging" all day at a street-corner, and her heels are giving way under her. But she enjoys it all really: the crowd, the fun of the traffic, the pinning on some lappets—all except counting the change. This, says Flora, is very complicated. "But," as I tell her, "why not simplify arithmetic? Don't give back this horrid change!" After all, isn't "flagging" highway—charity?



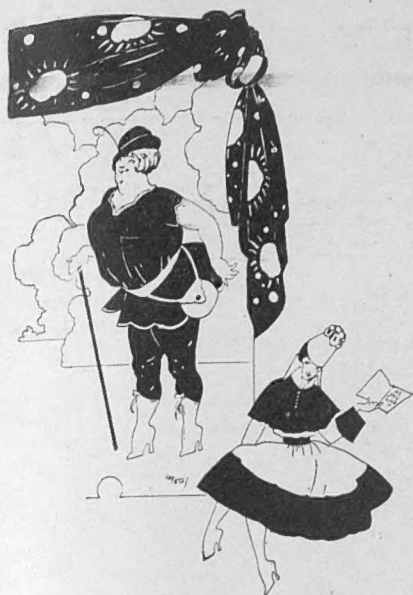
"She had been 'flagging' all day at a street-corner."

Peggy's papa came in, too—it is *his* billiard-table we are cutting out upon. He came in with Hilda, Peggy's married sister, and Louise-Elizabeth, Peggy's seven-year-old niece. Like most Englishmen, Peggy's papa is not most eloquent when with women. So, after having convinced himself that his billiard-table was still a quadruped (or has a billiard-table six feet?—I forget), and that his cues were not used to take measurements with, he said "Ahem, Ahem!" and "Working hard, eh? That's right, that's right—er—and where is Babs, by the way?" Babs is the flapper of the family—its delight and its torment, for she has the knack of always getting herself into hot corners, as you say in English. She is twenty, looks fifteen, talks as if she were fifty, and behaves as if she were five (sometimes). "Babs?" Peggy was suddenly very busy cutting frenziedly right and wrong. "Oh, she is gone to Aunt Virginia for the week-end. Her insomnia"—Aunt Virginia's—"is much worse, and Babs is gone to read to her in the evening. She'll wire us when she is coming back."

Peggy's papa again said "Ahem, ahem!" Then, finding that this mode of conversation might not be frivolous enough for his *entourage*, he remarked peeringly to Peggy, in the manner of an elephant smelling a rose, "Hullo, another new hat!" "Oh, no, Daddy; it's Lilian's, and she's wearing mine. We are a communist circle, we girls: we lend one another things—war economy, see? Like this, we always seem to be sporting novelties."



"A smart little lady . . . 'footed' the bill by placing her foot on the chair and extracting a crinkly note from the side of her boot, to the amazement and disapproval of the conservative and dignified waiter."



"Lady Vertugadin tells me she is playing Rosalind. . . . Some of the heartless 'pros' said, 'Why not Falstaff?'"

"Yes," piped in the young Louise - Elizabeth, with the apropos of all *enfants terribles*, "and Auntie Babs has got Mumsie's wedding-ring, hasn't she, Mumsie?" "Have an eclair," said her mother, cramming the longest and biggest eclair in the wide and redoubtable mouth of the small Louise-Elizabeth, thus choking in any further revelations. "Ahem," said Peggy's papa; "you mustn't let the child" (Babs!) "play with your jewellery, Hilda. Whatever did you lend her your wedding-ring for?" "She ran away with it while I was washing my hands, Dad. You know how irrepressible Babs is." "I suppose she wanted to play a prank on Aunt Virginia," said Daddy, with the dear stupidity of all the Dads that ever were! "Ahem!" thought I. And everybody spoke at once very tactfully.

Just got the following letter. It flatters me enormously to be consulted on such a vast and weighty subject. But it sounds such an old-fashioned sort of letter, somehow, that I can't believe it has been written by a young you, and not by a fierce old General with half-a-dozen intractable daughters—

MY DEAR PHRYNETTE,—Your letter of March 29 has just arrived in this benighted spot to cheer our lonely lives and give us other topics of conversation than the monotony of war and our chances of a scrap. Being of a serious and thoughtful disposition, I was particularly interested in your paragraph about the young lady who intends after the war to train her hubby's orderly as her own maid, for this seems to suggest a solution for many problems which are certain to become very acute and which the mere man is quite unable to solve unaided. (Tommy, you will remember, had already become quite proficient in brushing clothes and lacing shoes, and his young mistress believed that with a little training in the most technical branches of the profession, he would prove much more useful and valuable than the ordinary maid, whose heart is not in her work to the same extent, you see.) Phrynette, women nowadays are entering so many trades and professions, and proving themselves so capable, that after the war there is bound to be a good deal of unemployment and discontent before labour conditions are re-adjusted. Now, is woman to retire altogether from many parts of the field and be content with her own peculiar duties, or is she to compete with man and possibly—as your incident suggests—change places with him? In my humble opinion, the solution of this problem depends largely on the question of dress and, therefore, on the female sex, which in this respect at least controls not only its own members but the whole world. I have been told by a good authority that the wearing of tight-laced corsets and close-fitting, high-heeled shoes not only makes a girl more graceful and attractive than ever, but quieters her ways and manners and renders her unwilling and unable to follow a strenuous occupation. If, therefore, she were compelled by maternal authority, or otherwise, to dress in this way, she would no longer have the desire or the ability to compete with men, and would perforce content herself with gentler, more feminine pursuits. I myself have noticed that the frantic militant, the furiously athletic girl, and other awful types almost invariably have shapeless figures and ugly, flat feet, and I think it very likely that a strict course of tight corsets and high-heeled shoes would have a splendid effect both on their appearance and behaviour. So, Phrynette, instead of forcible feeding and other brutal remedies, we may expect to have inspectors appointed to see that corsets and shoes do not exceed the legal sizes, which by compressing waists and feet will repress the inclination and ability for violent agitation. And, of course, once the ex-"militant" has seen the splendid results of the system exemplified in her own person, she will take great care that her daughter is brought up along the same lines, with the result that in a generation or two the masculine woman will be finally and literally squeezed out of existence—"a consummation devoutly to be wished," as Hamlet hath it.

My dear you, the Chinese go one better. Their maimed woman couldn't run away, nor kick over the traces, nor rush to the attack of man's position even if she wanted to! But there are some invalids even among us—don't despair!

If, however, this result does not accord with the aspirations of modern woman, if she refuses to surrender the position and the independence she

has won during the war, the mere man must prepare to take her old place, and the mother must alter the training of her son accordingly. Let her dress him from childhood in the style of Little Lord Fauntleroy and cultivate his taste for beauty in clothes; let her lace him tightly into carefully selected corsets, array him in openwork silk stockings, and squeeze his feet into the tightest, prettiest, highest-heeled shoes—and I have no doubt that he will develop into a quiet and gentle creature, able and ready to replace his more vigorous sister, whose emancipation from the thralldom of tight corsets and shoes will have detracted very largely from her appearance, but will have earned her the vacant rôle of "the sterner sex." In these happy days, Phrynette, a girl will be guided in the selection of a domestic servant or a husband by the size of his waist and feet; for on these will depend largely his meekness of spirit and her own ability to control him. The husband will depend entirely on his wife, he will be content with the problems of dress and household management, and will leave her to do exactly as she pleases in the world of business and politics. If at any time he should show any signs of discontent or independence she has only to insist on an even stricter system of lacing and an even smaller size in shoes, and she will reduce him once more to a state of absolute submission and devotion. And, so, Phrynette, in one way or the other, the feminist problem will be solved, and in either case the female sex will retain its present supremacy.

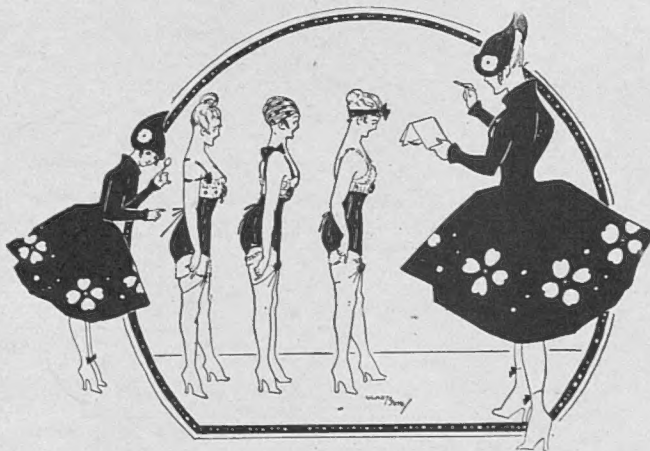
Sincerely Yours,

MERE MAN.

Well, "Mere Man," you have asked my advice, and here it is. I think the ideal part for a woman is to be beautiful and have beautiful children. Whether distorted toes and squashed-in ribs add to her beauty is a matter of opinion. The ancient Greeks did not think so, and I believe they knew a thing or two about beauty. Among the modern English and French stiff stays are quite out of fashion; lots of the smartest women have cast them off altogether. You see, not leading a sedentary life any longer, they keep slim naturally. As for high-heeled shoes, we do wear them, but not the whole day—there's the riding-boot and the fencing-slippers, and the nursing shoes and the bedroom mules worn in the same day by the same woman, which counteracts the bad effect of "stilt" heels.

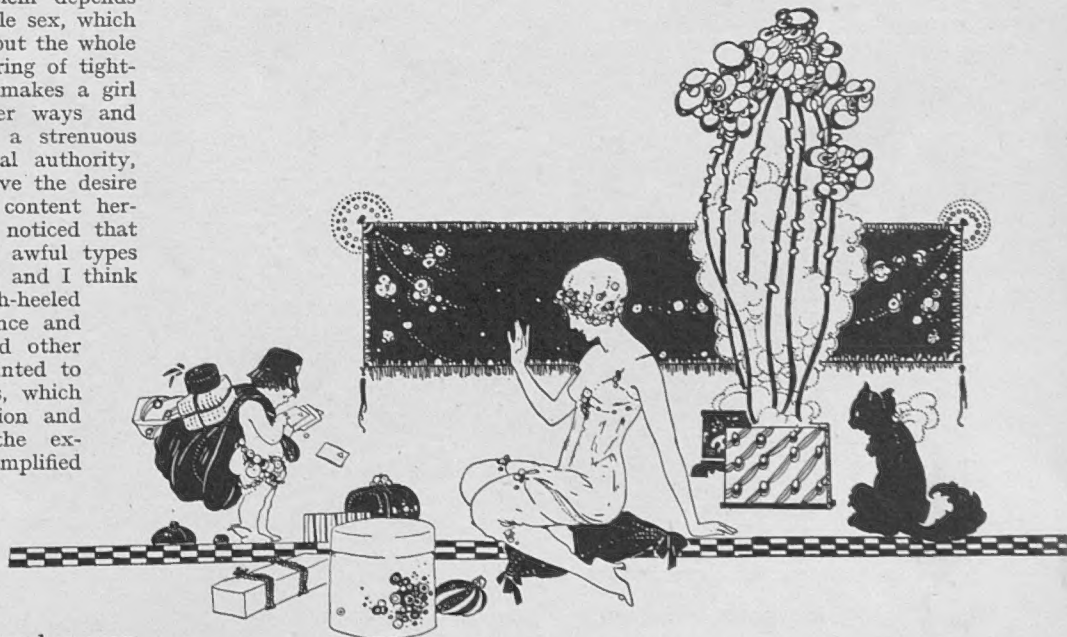
As regards work, I think that woman ought not to work at all—it is enough that she should live, and give life—but the matter rests with the generosity and intelligence of man, or of man-organised State. I'm afraid the question will take a long time before being settled.

Before I finish I want one word with the war-brides. Mesdemoiselles, there is to be a sale of lingerie—the loveliest things: crêpe-de-Chine and Ninon, and other gossamer underwear—all made by ladies whose incomes are reduced by the war, and who are devoting a large per-centage of the profits to the Star and Garter Home. The sale will last from May 15 till Friday, 19th. Mrs. Ansell is kindly lending her house for it, at 1A, Devonshire Terrace, Portland Place, W. Besides buying, you'll meet your friends there, as many well-known people are coming to help to



"So we may expect to have inspectors appointed to see that corsets and shoes do not exceed the legal sizes."

sell. And if you have already bought your trousseau—why, there is always room in it for some spider-web something else: it takes such small space, the lingerie of to-day!



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SMALL TALK

AFTER a full week's anxiety, news about several interesting people came through from Dublin. For instance, "A. E.," a master spirit among the young poets, has been able to reassure his many friends in London concerning his personal safety. Nobody imagined he could have had a hand in the rebellion, but not a few of the men concerned were in the habit of frequenting "A. E.'s" residence and seeking his counsel in literary affairs; and he would, from that very fact, be much distressed by the development of the crisis. His letters to London, though despondent, are a great relief to his admirers.



A MILITARY ENGAGEMENT: MISS GROCCOTT—CAPTAIN COATES.

The engagement is announced of Miss Alice Bithell Grocott, of Haughton, Cheshire, to Captain Harold E. Coates, 15th Battalion, King's Liverpool Regiment.

Photograph by Chidley.

the target of rebel bullets. He was, before the war, a fairly constant contributor to the *Irish Review*, a magazine with which MacDonagh had much to do. Their names often appear side by side on the contents table; but the sword is mightier than the pen for rupturing old friendships and breaking up the brotherhood of letters.

"*They Who Live in Glass Houses*," etc. Lord Donoughmore, who is a good deal of a sportsman and something of a wag, as well as an earnest politician, saw quite a lot of the rebellion. His sporting proclivities, along with his love of dogs, came to him from the late Peer, who was, it is remembered, something of a rebel, in an innocent, jocular way, on his own account.

Lord Dunsany. Lord Dunsany is another poet concerned

on the literary side with the rebels. That he should have been involved in the out-

break in a sense hostile to George MacDonagh is one of the acute but inevitable ironies of a state of civil war. Months ago he got a commission, and his khaki uniform was in itself sufficient to cause him to be



MISS AURIOL HAY: A NEW PORTRAIT.

Miss Auriol Hay is the daughter of the Hon. Alistair Hay, brother of the Earl of Kinnoull, and the Comtesse Hervé de Bernis, sister of the third Baron Greville.

Photograph by Sarony.

The story goes that when he was at Oxford there was a good deal of subtle evasion of the rule against keeping dogs and cats in college. Lord Milner ventured to sport a kitten; and Lord Donoughmore, growing weary of its mewings, lodged a complaint with the master. The great man, having listened patiently to the young Peer's eloquent protest against the nuisance, observed quietly, "Is that your cat, Lord Donoughmore, which I hear barking on your staircase every night?"

One of the Receders. I am told, as a sequel to a recent paragraph

in this column, that there is one man in the Army with a beard. He enlisted as a private, refused to shave, and was taken before his Colonel. "You must cut it off, of course," said the Chief. "May I have a word with you in private?" asked the other—a man

who had learned the arts of persuasion during a somewhat distinguished career as a journalist. When this favour had been accorded him, he told the Colonel to look beneath the dense surface of his beard. "You see," he said, "there is no chin there at all. If, as I intend, I get my stripe, I will have no authority with the men if you make me shave." "Your case is an extreme one," said the soldier; "I grant your petition." But does the authority plea hold good? One result of retaining the beard is that its bearer goes by two nicknames among his fellows—Siberian Joe and the Mascot.

Harking Back. Some little time back both Lady Elcho and Lady Mary Strickland learned that their husbands were "missing," and they have everybody's sympathy in what is often

the most trying and long-drawn-out of war-time ordeals. Lady Elcho—married Lady Mary's brother five years ago; it was the famous wedding with the Botticelli bridesmaids—as nearly Botticelli, that is, as Lady Diana's dressmaking talents could contrive and a cold February day would allow. In their flower-speckled draperies and wreaths of little crimson roses they all looked beautiful, and Miss Mary Charteris (as Lady Mary Strickland then was) as beautiful as any of them. The bridegroom, it is remembered, was very nearly reported missing even on that great occasion. He sprained his ankle so severely the day before that he was only just able to hobble through the ceremony on the arm of his best man. And in those days a limp was a rarity!

Films, Smoking and Otherwise.

The "pictures" have to be coped with nowadays along with the theatres; you are bound to go and see "The



A BUSY WAR-WORKER: LADY RATHCREEDAN.

Lady Rathcreedan, who was formerly well known as Mrs. Cecil Norton, wife of Captain Cecil Norton, M.P. for Newington, late Assistant-Postmaster-General, and ex-Junior Lord of the Treasury, has now opened a crèche at Henley.

Photograph by Val d'Estrange.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT E. C. BENTHALL: MISS RUTH MCCARTHY CABLE.

Miss Cable is the younger daughter of Sir Ernest and Lady Cable, of Lyndridge, Bishopsteignton, Devon, and Hertford Street, Mayfair. Lieutenant Edward Charles Benthall, Devonshire Regiment, is the elder son of the Rev. C. F. and Mrs. Benthall, Cofton Vicarage, Starcross, Devon.

Photograph by Swaine.



A PEER'S DAUGHTER ENGAGED: THE HON. SYBIL COLVILLE.

The engagement is announced of the Hon. Sybil Colville, younger daughter of Viscount Colville of Culross, and Mr. Rupert Carington, 5th Dragoon Guards, son of Colonel the Hon. Rupert Clement Carington, D.S.O., brother of the Marquess of Lincolnshire.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

CADET GODFREY TEARLE: A LEADING ACTOR AS SOLDIER.



IN HIS UNIFORM AS A CADET OF THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY: MR. GODFREY TEARLE.

Mr. Godfrey Tearle, who, we need not tell our readers, has had very great success on the stage as a leading juvenile in serious parts and comedy parts, and is appearing in "Tina," at the Adelphi, is in the Army, and is training as an officer, as a cadet in the R.H.A. Despite his military duties, he is able, for the present, to appear at

the Adelphi in the evenings, although he cannot be there for matinées. Mr. Tearle was born in New York on Oct. 12, 1884. He married Miss Mary Malone. His first appearance in a speaking part was made at Burnley in the autumn of 1893, and he first went on the stage professionally in 1899.—[Photograph by Claude Harris.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY: GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot.")

"Rules and Regulations."

The following conversation, overheard at a village post-office, may make you smile, friend the reader. On the other hand, it may make you weep. If you happen to live in a town, you will probably smile over the folly of people who live in the country, especially in wartime. But Government anomalies, I presume, are not confined with particular exclusiveness to regions where the cherry-trees are in blossom, the air is filled with the sweet scents of spring, and asparagus from the garden is already a feature of the frugal dinner-table. (How does that feel, O Scornful One?)

Anyway, here is the conversation—

RESIDENT: I observe, Mr. Tow, that I no longer get any letters delivered in the evening.

POSTMASTER: That's quite correct. Nor you won't, I don't suppose, until this war's over.

RESIDENT: Indeed? How's that?

POSTMASTER: Well, the reason is that there's nobody to deliver 'em.

RESIDENT: Oh! All the postmen gone to the Army?

POSTMASTER: That's it, Sir. And it's as much as I can do to get the morning letters delivered.

RESIDENT: Ah. Well, now, why not do away with postmen altogether?

POSTMASTER: Don't I wish I could! The sorting's easy enough; I can get girls and such-like to do the sorting. But girls can't deliver letters miles and miles. You'd be surprised the number of miles a postman has to walk or cycle in the course of a day! Thirty-five miles or more! So it stands to reason they've got to be strong-ish men, and those are just the men the Army wants. But the sorting—that's easy enough.

RESIDENT: Very well. Then my scheme will solve all your difficulties. All you have to do is to request the inhabitants of your postal district to call at the post-office for their own letters. We shouldn't mind a bit, and those who couldn't call would get a neighbour to call for them. Simple, you see, but the simplest schemes are always the best. And the Government would save money.

POSTMASTER: Well, that sounds all right, but it can't be done.

RESIDENT: Can't be done? Why not?

POSTMASTER: 'Gainst the rules and regulations.

RESIDENT: Surely not!

POSTMASTER: It is, for all that. If I hand a letter over the counter, I must charge threepence each letter for express delivery. Don't matter who takes it. The letter might be addressed to you, and I should know you well enough, but I must charge you threepence for express delivery, none the less. So that settles it.

RESIDENT: Yes, it does. You seem glad!

POSTMASTER: Glad? No, it's not that, but I'm bound to say as I have the greatest possible respect for the rules and regulations of the Post Office. They take a long time to learn, but once get 'em be heart and you see how beautiful they are! Beautiful! There's no getting over 'em. If there was a letter waiting here for you at this moment, I couldn't let you have it, no matter how important

it might be, unless you paid me threepence for express delivery. Oh, I swear by the Post Office!

RESIDENT: Substitute "at" for "by" and I'm with you! My suggestion was intended to help you out of a difficulty. That's all.

POSTMASTER: Ah, well, you're not the first that's tried to get over the rules and regulations, and I daresay you won't be the last. But it can't be done! Good afternoon, Sir!

Ideas for Nothing.

It has always been an extravagant habit of mine to give away ideas—the most valuable things in the world. I hit on the Daylight Saving Idea, and exploited it in these columns, years and years ago—long, long before the late Mr. Willett introduced his Bill into the House of Commons, or the notion was adopted by Germany and Austria. But some people get the credit for ideas, and others

cannot. I am one of those, it seems, who don't. But the ideas keep on coming, all the same.

Here is one. Why not a serious revue? Why must all revues be comic?—save the mark! Why not a revue that shall deal with all the subjects of the moment in the spirit of serious comedy as opposed to broad farce? Directly this issue of *The Sketch* arrives in America—or sooner, if some enterprising correspondent cables this paragraph—it will be adopted. I know it, because the Americans have honoured me by adopting other ideas of mine. Not so very long ago, a play by an American author was produced in London and hailed as a masterpiece. The central idea made a huge appeal. It was brilliantly original. Well, the very same idea had been exploited by a certain humble scribe years before, and severely condemned. An American correspondent, at that time, described the idea in his paper, girded at the London journals for missing it, and predicted that some American author or manager would seize on it and turn it to successful account.

Compulsion Scenes.

But to return to the idea of the serious—more or less serious—revue. I can see a magnificent chance, for example, in the "Compulsion for All" Bill. There are, no doubt, comic ideas to be wrested from that Bill, but more, many more, serious ones. Put them before the public in sympathetic shape, and the public would realise that one man's trouble is identical with another man's trouble, and away goes half the burden!

It is very simple. You have a sore throat. You feel very sorry for yourself. You say to yourself, "A sore throat in the winter I expect, and can endure, but a sore throat in the summer is unfair! I am annoyed!" Then you meet a man with a sore throat, and he tells you that everybody is getting sore throats. Away goes half, or more than half, your annoyance.

The serious revue would be run on the same principle. The idea is worth ten thousand pounds. I shall not get it. I never do. But the manager who hath ears to hear will get it, and I shall have a stall on the first night (if I ask for it, which is unlikely) and applaud like mad.



THE LADY OF "LAMP DAY": THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH ENROLLING LADY LAMP-SELLERS AT SUNDERLAND HOUSE.

"Lamp Day" (Friday, May 12) was so named after Florence Nightingale, "the Lady with the Lamp"—as commemorated by the statue in Waterloo Place. The Duchess of Marlborough is here seen enrolling one of the band of ladies who undertook to sell the symbolic lamps.

Photograph by Central Press.

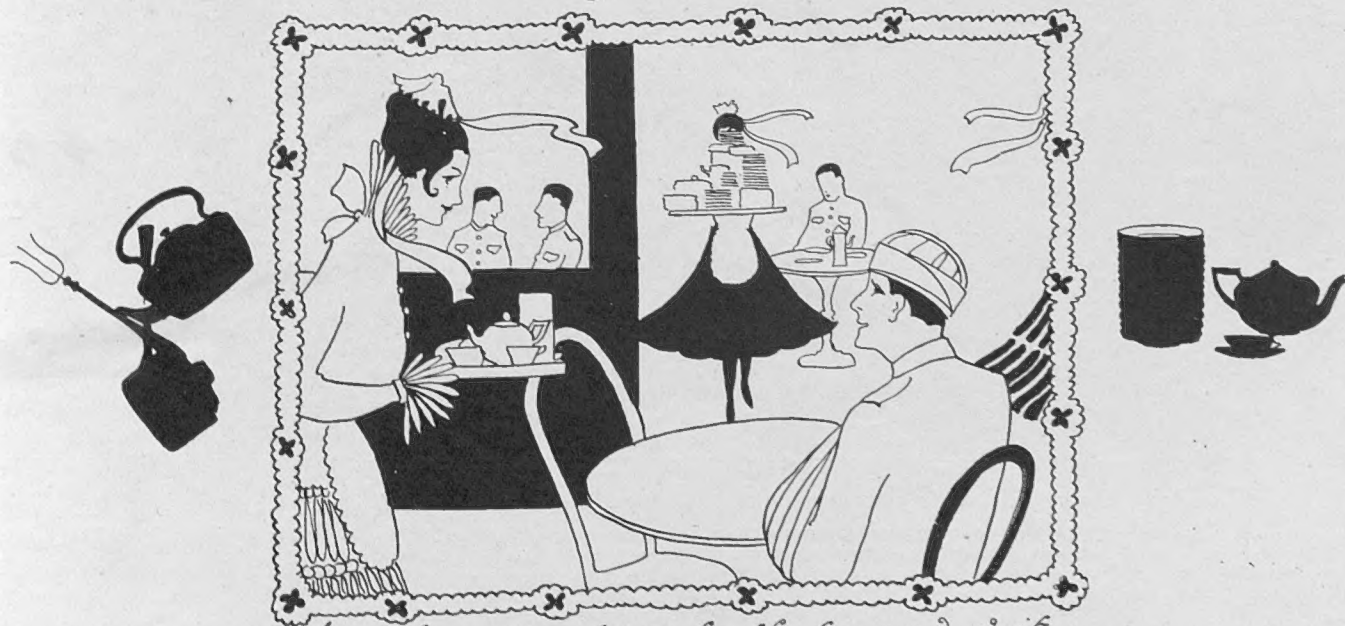
MORALS OF MACKENZIE: THE SOCIETY-CHARITY WAITRESS.



Lady Woodby serving dresses for the part.



The Countess of Knut, Lady Help, and the Honourable Miss Haughty bring their own weapons for the fray.



They also serve who make the tea and wait.



THE CLUBMAN

THE DAWN: SOUNDS, SMELLS, AND SUNRISE: MONKEY TRICKS.

Daylight Saving. Some millions of Britons are to-day roused every morning from their slumbers by the bugle at 5 a.m., and it will matter little enough to the soldiers—and every third man is, or is going to be, a soldier—what hour the clock shows, for reveille will sound when daylight comes, and retreat will sound when daylight goes. So the soldier's day expands in spring and contracts in autumn almost automatically. When the war is over and all our brave boys are back again at their civilian work we shall be a nation that gets up early without making any fuss about it, because all our young men will have become used to turning out at sunrise.

The Battlefield of Commerce. And this will be a point gained in the commercial war with Germany that is coming when the war with arms is stilled. The last time that I stayed in Berlin the window of my bedroom at the Adlon Hotel overlooked a building in which a great number of clerks worked, and whenever, somewhere about 6 a.m., I looked out of my window to see what sort of a day it was going to be, every clerk was at his desk working away. In the future, if it is necessary, every Briton will get up with the lark without grumbling and will go to his desk at 6 a.m., if that will help us to beat the Germans on the battlefield of commerce.

A School of Early Rising. India is the great school for early rising. In the hot weather the bearer, by gentle insistence, wakes one in the grey before the dawn, just as the heat has become a little less intolerable, and a man who has tossed about all night under the punkah thinks that he will be able to get a little sound sleep. There is no rest, however, when the bearer's gentle "Sahib! Sahib!! Sahib!!!" has done its work, and the sleepy Sahib first finds the barber at work at his chin, and after that a cup of hot tea, some toast, and some bananas are put under his nose. It is not, however, until he has splashed in a cold tub and poured cold water over his head that he is wide enough awake to remember, if he is a soldier, what parade he has to attend, and, if he is a civilian, at what hour he has to be at cutcherry.

Early Morning Sounds and Smells.

It always seemed to me that one's senses were keener in those early morning hours before the East became golden with the unborn sun than at any other times of the day. I can recall now the scents and sounds I used to smell and hear at one station as I rode from my bungalow to the parade-ground—the creaking of the wheel as the bullock pulled up water from the well in the club compound; the scent of the newly watered dust where the municipal water-cart had passed along the road (and there is no more refreshing smell in the world than this); the acrid smell of burning camel-dung, and soft odour of spices and grain, of which a whiff always came from a bannia's shop at the cross-roads; the sound of temple bells far away across the broad maidan, and of a

drum throbbing somewhere in the native city; the noise of men cursing, and the stench of dirty animals that came through the great gate of the serai; and then the "short dress" sounded on the parade-ground, which my charger always took to be a signal to break into a canter without any pressure of my knees as a hint.

Sunrise in Penang.

The rising of the sun in India is the turning of the sky to a plate of brass, and you will see more beautiful sunrises at Margate than you will anywhere in India; but there are parts of the Far East where the dawns are very splendid. Ceylon is one of these places, and the Straits Settlements is another. The air in Penang and Singapore is always impregnated with moisture, and to see the sunrise burst into the sky from behind a palm-grove was to watch a wonderful flower of pink and gold unfold. At Penang I used on "off days," Thursdays and Sundays, to watch this sight from my bedroom verandah, and in the foreground was generally my little monkey, Jock, taking his morning bath in a turtle-tub and saying "Good-morning" in monkey language.

Jock. Of what breed Jock, my monkey, was I do not know. I do not think that he was an aristocrat. He was red-faced and humorous, and I bought him from a Chinaman who worked in the pineapple fields. I think the Chinaman intended to eat him, but was equally ready to sell him for half-a-dollar. Jock was the only monkey I ever knew that took naturally to the water. A turtle-tub, which never held a turtle while I was in Penang, was outside my quarters, and the daily thunder-shower kept it full of water. Jock knew exactly the depth of the water, and he used to splash about in it like a boy, ducking his head now and again. While he sat on the edge of the tub drying in the sun he used to think out mischief for the day.

A Monkey's Mischief.

There was one daily piece of wickedness which required very little thought, and that was the theft of the fruit the mess-man put on the table for tiffin. We eventually broke him of this by stuffing bananas and mangosteens with red pepper, and putting them on the table for Jock to filch. When he had tried a banana with a pepper core he took to the tub and held his mouth open under water. He went up to China with me on a trooper, and when he had surveyed the vessel from bow to stern he found a splendid hiding-place on the companion leading to the bridge. From his

lurking-place he would stretch out an arm and seize the cap of any soldier or sailor who passed below. His greatest feat he perpetrated every morning during the hot weather at Hong Kong. He slipped down the verandah post and, seizing the white trouser-leg of the sentry on the gate, ran alongside him. The men were fond of the monkey, and wouldn't kick him loose; but all the coolies in the road roared with laughter at the sentry thus handicapped.



LORD ROSEBERY'S M.P. SON ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN WESTERN EGYPT: THE HON. NEIL PRIMROSE, WITH MR. ANTONY ROTHSCHILD, DURING A RAID FROM MATRUH.

Mr. Neil Primrose, who was back in the House the other day, is M.P. (Liberal) for the Wisbech Division of Cambridgeshire. Last year he was made Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office, and married Lord Derby's daughter, Lady Victoria Stanley.



NOT "FOLLOWING THE CROWD" AT THE MOMENT: A BOAT-LOAD OF VARIETY.

The names of the crew of this Canadian canoe are (from left to right): Miss Blanche Tomlin, Mr. Hartley Carrick, and Mr. George Shirley. Miss Blanche Tomlin is appearing at the Empire in "Follow the Crowd," of which Mr. Hartley Carrick is part-author, with Mr. Arthur Wimperis.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

WITH — DECORATION : AFTER AN INVESTITURE.



CAPTAIN NELSON, KING'S HUSSARS (D.S.O.) (LEFT), AND LIEUTENANT KINGSTONE, 2ND DRAGOON GUARDS (MILITARY CROSS), WITH SOME FRIENDS.



COLONEL STEWART, KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS (D.S.O.), WITH MRS. STEWART AND THEIR SON.



SEC. LIEUT. ERNEST GILBERT, ESSEX REGT. AND R.F.C. (MILITARY CROSS), WITH SOME FRIENDS.



MAJOR BROWN, QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS (D.S.O.), WITH HIS SON, WHO IS IN THE NAVY.



MIDSHIPMAN WILLIAM MONIER-WILLIAMS, R.N. (D.S.C.), WITH HIS MOTHER AND SISTER.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JEREMY-TAYLOR MARSH (C.M.G.), AUSTRALIAN ARMY MEDICAL CORPS, WITH HIS WIFE AND SON.



CAPTAIN JOHN RAMSAY (FLYING OFFICER), SHOWING HIS MILITARY CROSS TO AN INTERESTED GROUP.

One of the changes brought about by the war is in the work of the snapshotter. Before war-time, he exercised his art, and ingenuity, largely in securing pictures of men and women conspicuous in Society. To-day there is special interest taken in the brave men who have won Honours fighting for their country, and the eye of the camera has therefore been turned upon them when, as in our photographs, they have

been summoned to Buckingham Palace, where the King has personally conferred their decorations. It will be noticed that an Investiture is frequently made a "family" occasion, the wives and children of the recipients sharing in his gratification at the honour which he has won. The fashion now is less "With Friend"—than "With Decoration, and Family."

Photographs Nos. 1 and 2, by Topical; Nos. 3, 5, and 6, by Sport and General; No. 4, by Photopress; and No. 7, by L.N.A.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

LADY BECTIVE is very reassuring about the safety of prisoners' parcels. She and her daughter, Lady Henry Bentinck, have been responsible for the forwarding of about 38,000 of them, and of these only a few have gone astray. This is news that should do much to relieve the anxieties of the amateurs who are so often seized with panic about the parcels they despatch. Their fears come about in this way. They are given a prisoner to care for, and send him a parcel. Shortly afterwards comes a letter, in a nondescript hand, asking for more supplies and giving the name of another prisoner who is friendless. In all good faith they enlarge their benefactions, and receive still further demands. Then comes the thought that the demands, written in the name of, say, William Smith, may really emanate from some unscrupulous German guard connected with a prisoners' camp. "I am sure this is a German's English," one distressed despatcher of parcels told me the other day. But it struck me that the letter might very well have been written by a Tommy possessed of a somewhat inadequate mastery of his native language.

The Butter Problem.

The virtue of joining or assisting an organisation on a large scale, such as Lady Bective's, is that the danger of wrongdoing at the other end is thereby minimised. Lady Bective knows her regiments, knows her men, and, having a system, is more likely to be able to weigh the evidence of fraud than a haphazard forwarder of the food-stuffs that certainly would, if stolen in quantity, be of considerable advantage to the enemy. Lady Bective's headquarters are at her daughter's house in Grosvenor Street. One may be pretty confident that no Germans fatten on the butter—the article most in request in the suspect letters—sent on through her good services.

Expenditure v. Rebellion.

Lord and Lady Wimborne's sense of the fitness of things had for some time caused them a slight uneasiness in Dublin. They were essentially peace-time rulers, entertainers skilled in the amenities that were calculated to make for the prosperity of the Irish capital.

Lord Wimborne could set a good example in mounts against any man; Lady Wimborne could do the same in dresses against any woman. As in London, so in Dublin—theirs was a social strength. Ready to spend largely, they found themselves up against a period clogged with economy. They did their best; Lady Wimborne continued radiant in the most depressing circumstances. She set the fashion, and staved off ruin for many businesses dependent on the Vice-regal Lodge and its Court. But nobody on earth could fight a sullen rebellion with such weapons—the weapons of polite society.



A MEMBER OF THE FRENCH RED CROSS SOCIETY: MRS. CLAREMONT.

Mrs. Claremont, who worked in a hospital for the wounded, in France, for some months, is a niece of the late Major Arthur Griffiths, the well-known author.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



"THEY ALSO SERVE—" : MISS ELLA STEVENSON.

Miss Ella Stevenson is doing kindly service in acting as a waitress, at the busy Y.M.C.A. canteen in Horseferry Road, Westminster, and, when not waiting, sings to the soldiers. Miss Stevenson is the daughter of the late General N. Stevenson.—The weary waiting for news is one of the most painful ordeals entailed by the war, and Mrs. Wakefield has done valuable work in France for many months in tracing wounded and missing soldiers and obtaining information for their friends.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd. and Kate Pragnell.



DOING USEFUL WORK IN FRANCE: MRS. WAKEFIELD.

Not Interested! The Wimbornes will be very heartily welcomed back to London. In Dublin, where there was much less war-work to replace the ordinary enterprises of the great world, it was their duty to attempt to make Society-functions,

from race-meetings to tea-parties, go with a swing. The position was both unnatural and uncongenial. Cousin Winston, probably, would have relished it, even though he had brought the rebellion to a head in twenty-four hours; but he would not have made so brave an attempt to keep things going amicably. Lady Wimborne's persuasive smile had become almost as famous in Dublin as Lady Aberdeen's robust laugh. How tragically, by the way, the events of the last few weeks would have fallen on the Aberdeens if they had still been at the Lodge. One must be almost thankful that the burden fell on younger shoulders—on a Viceroy and Vicereine who were never specially interested in the class from which Sinn Fein drew its recruits, and who were never

on friendly terms with the poets who have paid the death penalty for their wildness. It is doubtful if Lady Wimborne has so much as read MacDonagh's "Songs of Myself" or young Joseph Mary Plunkett's volume called "The Circle and the Sword." Lady Aberdeen, on the other hand, was deeply interested in the poetry of young Ireland.

At Wimborne House.

Lady Wimborne was a Grosvenor—the Hon. Alice Katherine Sibell Grosvenor, daughter of Lord Ebury. She was therefore practised in the art of Liberal entertainment even before, as Mrs. Ivor Guest, she took on some of the responsibilities of Wimborne House. One of her first adventures there was to issue three thousand invitations to Mr. Asquith's supporters! How many provincial politicians and their provincial wives recall the gracious vision in pink satin that greeted them on that occasion at the top of the stairs? It was a vision quite in keeping with the gay pictures by Boucher that decorate the walls of Wimborne House. "So this is politics!" murmured the wives, each in her different *patois*.

Lunching Out of Town.

It has been quite fashionable just lately to lunch at Stratford-on-Avon instead of the Ritz. In Chesterton's words—"Lord Lilac thinks it's rather

rotten That Shakespeare should be quite forgotten"; and Lord Lilac has been getting on to committees and motoring to the birthplace, which he visits after the best possible meal to be found in the town. It has also been the rendezvous of quite serious people. Lady Warwick and Miss Ellen Terry, Lord Redesdale and Lord Muir-Mackenzie, and many others have been meeting within eating distance of Shakespeare's "place in the country," and enjoying the spring and the sonnets.



TENDING THE WOUNDED: MRS. C. M. MACNAUGHTON.

Mrs. Macnaughton is the wife of Colonel Macnaughton, C.M.G., of the Australian Imperial Force, and is assiduously tending the wounded at the Bevan Military Hospital, Sandgate, Kent.

Photograph by Bassano.



A NAVAL CADET AND HIS MOTHER: THE HON. MRS. ROBERT BOYLE AND MR. VIVIAN FRANCIS BOYLE.

The Hon. Mrs. Boyle is the wife of the Hon. Robert Francis Boyle, M.V.O., R.N., uncle of the Earl of Shannon, and was, before her marriage, Miss Cérise Champion de Crespigny, daughter of the well-known Baronet. Mr. Vivian Francis Boyle is her only son, and was born in 1902.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]

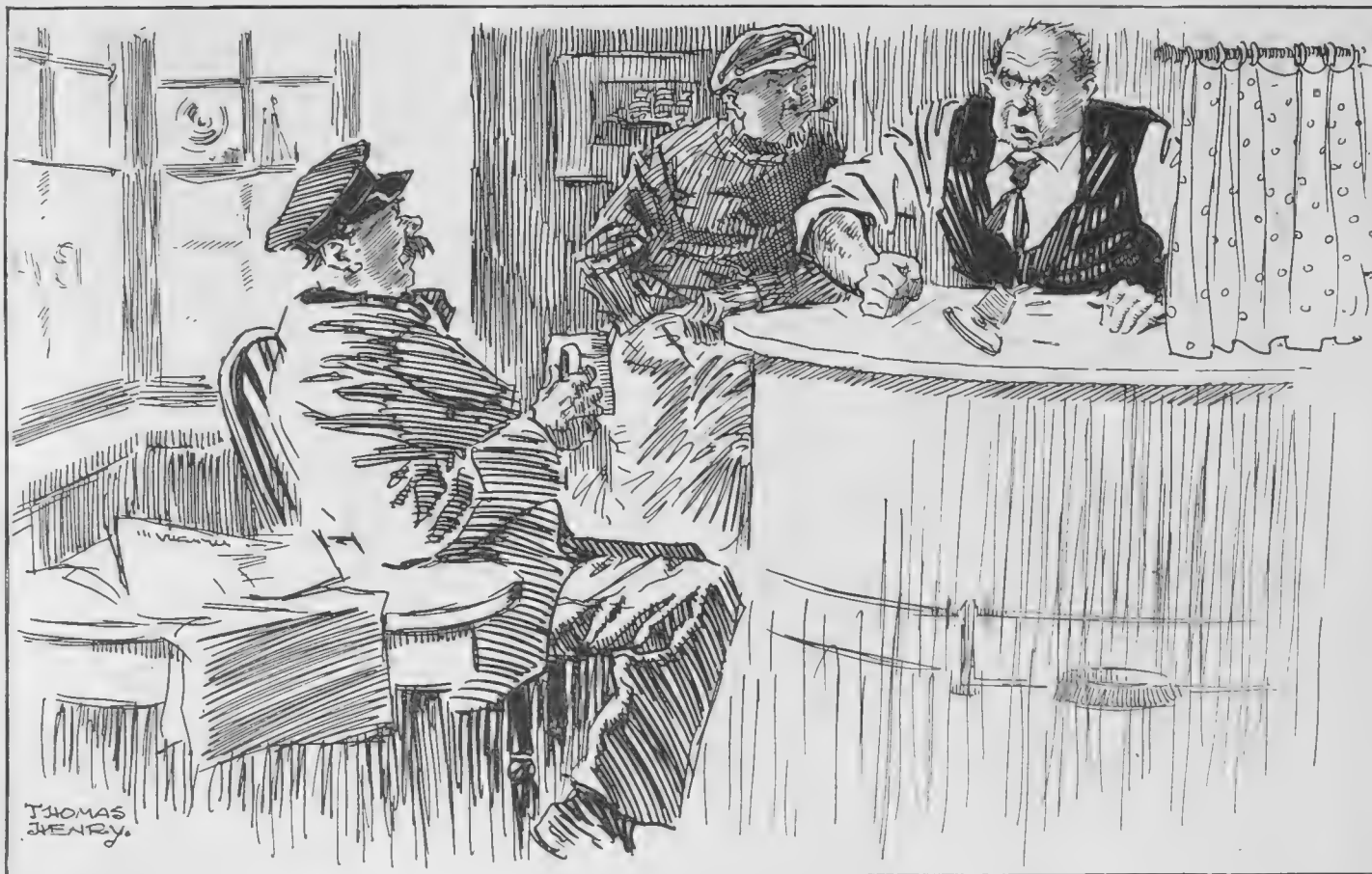
WAR-TIME BRIDES — AND BRIDES-TO-BE.

MARRIED TO CAPT. E. A. R. NEPEAN: MISS MAY FLETCHER (MRS. NEPEAN).	TO MARRY CAPT. H. DE SALES LE TERRIERE: MISS JEAN DE SALES LE TERRIERE.	TO MARRY LT-COMMR. P. SHEPHARD, R.N.: MISS JESSIE A. CAMPBELL.
TO MARRY LIEUT. J. E. B. D. COCHRANE: MISS MARY COCHRANE.	TO MARRY CAPT. D. B. MORRIS: MISS ALICE MAUD HARRIS.	TO MARRY MR. ARCHIBALD H. K. JACKSON: MISS SYBIL CHRISTIAN.
TO MARRY MR. G. BRIAN PRATT: MISS GRACE MARIAN ALLISON.	TO MARRY SECOND LIEUT. R. SPICER: MISS EILEEN W. C. GUNDRY.	MARRIED TO CAPT. G. T. BURNEY: MISS MAY BUTTANSHAW (MRS. BURNEY).
MARRIED TO MR. G. W. TEMPLER: MISS BEATRICE E. K. BINGHAM (MRS. TEMPLER).	TO MARRY LIEUT. L. R. ALLEN-SHUTER: MISS ALICE M. A. FOOTE.	TO MARRY FLIGHT-COMMR. C. D. BREESE, R.N.: MISS MARY E. TWEEDY.

Miss Fletcher is daughter of the late R. G. Fletcher. Capt. Nepean, A.S.C., is son of Late Fleet-Surgeon Evan St. Maur Nepean. Miss Jean de Sales le Terriere is daughter of Capt. de Sales le Terriere, Dunlaster. Capt. Howard de Sales le Terriere is son of Col. de Sales le Terriere, Exon of the Yeomen of the Guard. Miss Campbell is daughter of the late D. Campbell. Lieut.-Commr. Philip Shephard, R.N., is son of the late G. Shephard, Bishopsthorpe. Miss Cochrane is daughter of the late Commr. T. E. Cochrane, R.N. Lieut. J. E. B. D. Cochrane is in the S. African Infantry. Miss Harris is daughter of Surgeon-General Harris, Ealing. Capt. D. B. Morris is in the Indian Army. Miss Christian is daughter of the late Capt. Ewan Christian, and Mrs. Moxon, Folkestone. Mr. Jackson, R. Warwickshire Regt., is son of Mr. A. Hardie

Jackson, Bramham Gardens. Miss Allison is daughter of the late William Allison, and of Mrs. Allison, Bexhill. Mr. Pratt, R.F.A., attached R.F.C., is son of the Rev. C. E. Pratt, of Eastbourne. Miss Gundry is daughter of Mr. William Gundry, Enfield. Mr. R. Spicer, H.A.C., is son of the late George Spicer, J.P., Enfield. Miss Buttanshaw is daughter of Col. E. T. Buttanshaw, Hythe. Capt. Burney, Gordon Highlanders, is son of Brig.-General H. H. Burney, C.B. Miss Bingham is daughter of the late C. H. and Mrs. Bingham, Sheffield. Mr. Templer is son of the late Mr. G. A. Templer, Kensington. Miss Foote is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Foote, Bath. Lieut. Allen-Shuter, R.E., is son of Mr. Allen-Shuter, Horton Kirby. Miss Tweedy is daughter of Mr. H. C. Tweedy, Fowey. Flight-Commr. Breese, R.N., is son of Mr. G. C. Breese, late of Chigwell

A "SKETCH" TRIO.



THE OUTRAGED LANDLORD: Wot? Me a pro-German? W'y if the old 'un Kayser was ter land 'ere ter-night an' say, "Can yer put me up fer the day?" I'd—I'd—I'd say "Not bloomin' likely!"

DRAWN BY THOMAS HENRY.



THE LAST-GROUPER (in the midst of the spring-cleaning): Wonder whether it's compulsory to wait till one's called?

DRAWN BY THOMAS HENRY.



HIS WIFE: I wish this awful weather would turn a bit warmer!
THE FIRE-SCREEN: Well, I was just thinking it had done.

DRAWN BY THOMAS HENRY.

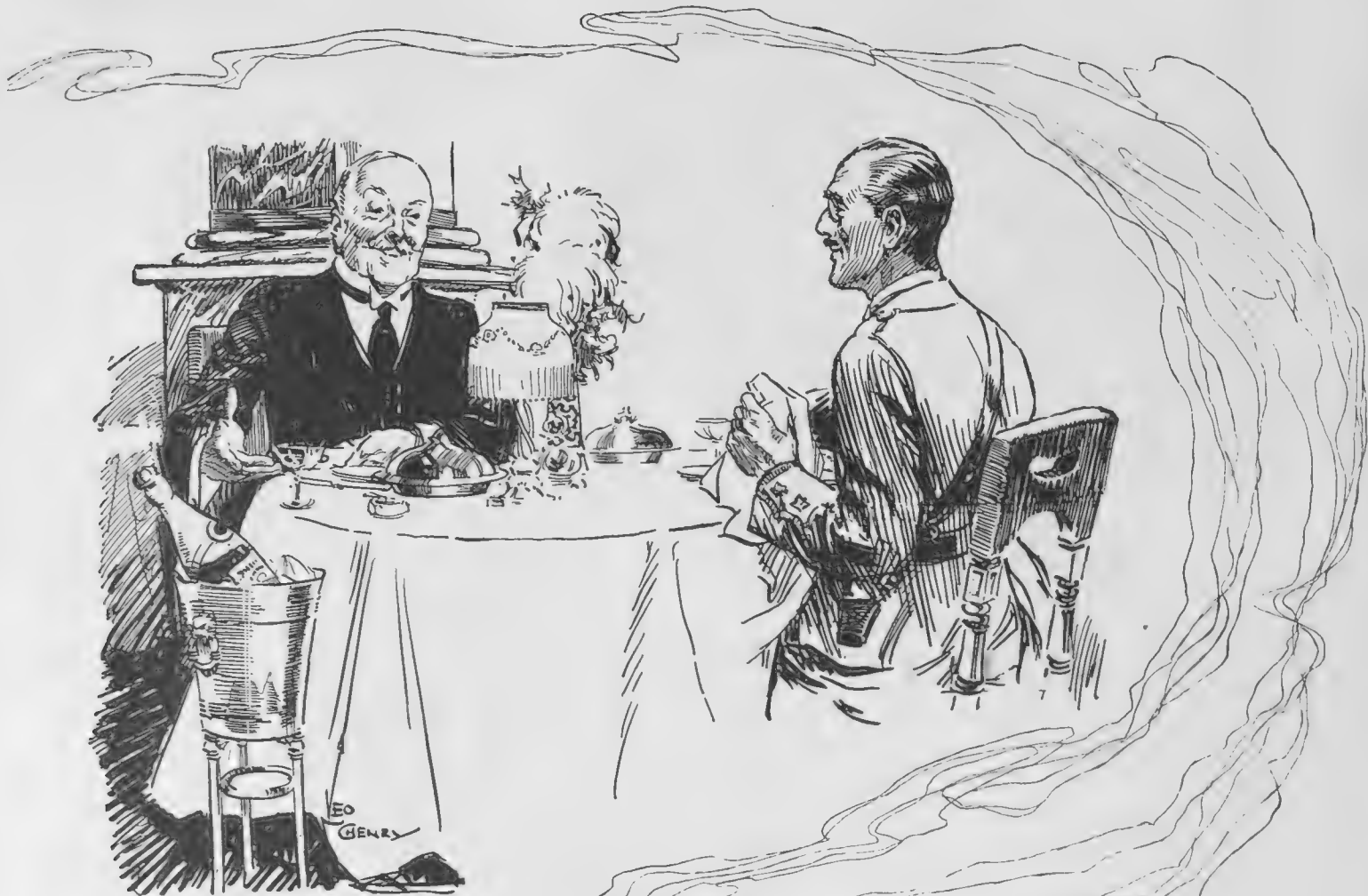
A PEERESS AT DRURY LANE: "KITTY GREY."



SEEN ON THE STAGE FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN THE SERBIAN RELIEF FUND MATINÉE: LADY ROTHERMERE
AS KITTY GREY.

In the matinée at Drury Lane last week for the Serbian Relief Fund, Lady Rothermere played Kitty Grey in a scene from that piece, with Mr. G. P. Huntley and Miss Eva Kelly. Her success was the more creditable as it was her first appearance on any stage—in fact, her first attempt at theatricals or acting of any kind—and the rehearsals had been few and far between. Lady Rothermere is, of course, the wife of the first Lord Rothermere (formerly Sir Harold Harmsworth) and sister-in-law of

Lord Northcliffe. Before her marriage she was known as Miss Lilian Share. She has three sons. The eldest, who is in the Irish Guards, has been twice wounded and is now on sick leave; the second is in the Royal Naval Division, was all through the Gallipoli campaign, and is now in France; the youngest is leaving Eton this year. Lady Rothermere has been very busy with war work. Last year she ran a successful hospital at Benenden, her husband's Kentish estate.—[*Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.*]



Why does one put Champagne on Ice?

It's because the coolness develops the flavour—"unlocks it," as the French growers say. It's just the same with tobacco. A mixture which smokes cool like Bond of Union yields up the delicate flavour of each kind of leaf comprising it, just as the champagne gives up every flavour and fragrance of the different grapes in the blend when it drinks cool.

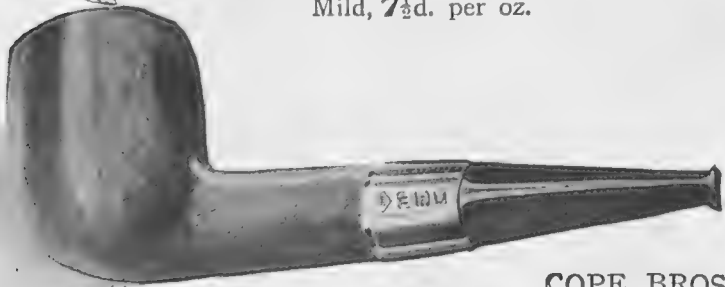
Bond of Union ranks in character with a vintage wine, and its cool smoking gives you the full benefit of its superb flavour.

Bond of Union is composed of certain choice leaves which give an essentially cool, slow smoke. And each kind of tobacco in the mixture is separately cured so as to bring out the individual flavour.

FOR THE FRONT.

We will post "Bond of Union" to Soldiers or Sailors abroad, specially packed, at 3/6 per lb., duty free. Minimum order 1 lb. Postage (extra) 1/- for 1/2-lb. up to 1 1/2-lbs.; 1/4 up to 4 lbs. Order through your tobacconist or send remittance direct to us. Postal Address:—Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd., Lord Nelson St., Liverpool.

Medium and Full,
7d. per oz.
Mild, 7 1/2d. per oz.



Bond of Union

COPE BROS. & CO. LTD., LIVERPOOL & LONDON.

SOME GUNS!



TOM: They say them German guns carry twenty miles.

JERRY: That's nothin'. Our big 'uns simply ask, "Wot address?"

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



Thrift Without Frumpishness.

In the multitude of counsellors there is safety, said Solomon. But then, he did not live in the day of self-appointed busybodies and an enlightened Press. If the average woman of to-day attempted to pay attention to all the advice as to how she should dress so freely showered upon her she would quickly be reduced to a state of mental confusion bordering on lunacy. So, very wisely, she ignores this gratuitous aid, preferring to trust to fashion and common-sense—by no means a bad pair of guides. For the war has shown that Fashion and her high priests are a level-headed lot of people. It is no small triumph that, in spite of cataclysmic happenings, the fickle goddess has been able to pursue the usual restless tenour of her way. But it would be a mistake to accuse her of indifference to contemporary events. The enlightened observer will quickly discover that all her moods have been dictated with a keen appreciation of the circumstances in which we live. If adaptability is the soul of genius, then Fashion stands at the head of the list of those enlightened beings. Women's clothes just now are an excellent example of her power of suiting the mode to the moment. To vary the "Mikado" phrase, they make the habiliment fit the time.

Fashion and Utility.

In elegance and general attractiveness clothes are in no way behind those of other years. But scarcely anywhere is there any sign of the essentially thriftless frock with which in the days of peace we were so familiar. Taffeta and faille, flowered silk, gingham, crêpe-de-Chine and shantung—all extensively used by the dressmakers—are durable materials. Coats and skirts in silks and thin woollen materials have never been in greater

demand. Usually the approach of summer is the signal for the temporary retreat of that universally beloved garment. This year things are different. Only a week or two ago a well-known firm sold close on eight hundred pounds of light summer suits in a single day, and the next day's sales were not far behind that figure. Of course, there are lots of pretty and ephemeral frocks whose only mission is to look pretty. But they are provided for the use of the smart woman, who, despite the bleakness of the social outlook, has no fancy for the rôle of Martha. There are hundreds of others, however, in which fashion and utility are most cleverly combined, to the supreme satisfaction of the woman who, while she is more than willing to engage in work that is for her country's good, has no desire to fail as regards her personal appearance.



Quaintly quilled and checked for choice. That is the sporting hat of the moment.

Smart Dreadnoughts.

Nowhere has this question of combining the useful with the graceful and fashionable been more carefully studied than at the house of Burberry, in the Haymarket. Experience has often shown that a dress that fulfils every law of hygiene and comfort is often very far indeed from being desirable from the modish point of view. But at the establishment named above you very quickly become convinced that science and art are by no means opposed to one another, and that a garment designed to resist wear and weather is not necessarily devoid of beauty and originality of design on that account. You may be occupied in driving a motor ambulance, or supervising a canteen, or making munitions, or driving a baker's cart to set a man free for the fighting line, or busied in some other highly useful occupation. But that is no argument for being unbecomingly dressed. Anything in the nature of vivid colouring or eccentricity of style would be out of place, but Dolores has sketched here a coat and skirt suited alike to the exigencies of war work or for wear on the links when time permits of such pleasant relaxation. The skirt is amply gored, and the circular coat has Raglan sleeves. For those who wish it, expanding pockets—which have the dual advantage of being roomy and preventing the occurrence of unsightly sagging—can be fitted to the skirt.

For Motoring.

The motor wardrobe is a thing apart. Looking back on the clothes provided for the pioneers of motoring for women, one is struck by the contrast between the first unsightly models and the smart but eminently practical motor clothes of to-day. The height of leathery daintiness is expressed in a tan coat lined with rainproof silk quilted with swansdown; and others of gabardine are provided with detachable fleece or leather linings. In this house, too, sporting millinery receives special attention. The hat sketched on this page is carried out in black-and-white checked tweed, and, with its plumage, mount, and quills, is wholly impervious to rain—as, indeed, are all the other models exhibited at the Haymarket establishment. It is worth noting that all the materials emanating from the firm are subjected to a process which tends to make them completely shower-proof—a quality especially appreciated by the woman compelled by circumstances to spend the greater part of her time out of doors.



A "cover-all" coat is an indispensable item of the wardrobe, and if it is checked you are all in the mode; but then you are in the same happy position in a plain "suit" like the one on the left.

WAR ECONOMY.



THE FIRST WORTHY (to his friend, who is making for the Post Office): Going to send some money to the wife?
THE SECOND WORTHY: No, my boy; going in to fill my fountain pen.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

A "LONELY SOLDIER."

By CAPTAIN HORACE WYNDHAM.

I.

IN the considered opinion of Private Nobby Clarke and his comrades, the delights of active service were somewhat overrated. They had been two months at the front now, most of the time in the trenches of Flanders. People who, not having been there during the winter, think that this district is marked by ideal climatic conditions have formed an incorrect view.

It was bitterly cold. The customary pelting rain was falling, and the architectural features of the dug-out that "sheltered" Messrs. Clarke, Jordan, and Wilson, of the 20th Service Battalion, Rutland Light Infantry, left much to be desired. The floor consisted of liquid mud, and a chill wind whistled through the walls and ceiling, which were composed of sandbags, sacking, and sheet-iron.

Still, the other members of the platoon in the first-line trench were even worse off.

Private Jordan waited until a Black Maria, screaming overhead, had buried itself against a distant parapet of earth. Then he lifted up his voice.

"Why did I leave my happy home?" he demanded plaintively, as he stretched out his numbed hands towards a small but carefully guarded coke fire. "If it was just to see Germans, there were plenty of them in London."

"It wouldn't be so bad," put in Tug Wilson, "if only the letters would come along a bit quicker. I haven't had one for a week now. Can't think what's happened to them."

"Well, I haven't had one since we left England," said Nobby Clarke, "and that's two months ago."

"Who'd send you a letter?"

"Plenty. Anyway, there were three young ladies in the house where I was billeted at Winchester, and they promised faithful to write every day."

"Did you give them your address out here?"

"Yes, I did, Tug. Just to make it sound a bit better, though, I happened to say I was a Staff officer—aidy-kong to a French General was how I put it. I expect that's the reason the post-office chaps don't find me. Of course, I ought to have told them."

"If I wanted to have letters from young females," remarked Jordan, who was reading the advertisement sheet of a month-old daily paper, "I know what I'd do."

"What's that, Ginger?"

"The same as Dusty Smith—young chap in the motor transport at Boolong—did. Shoved an advert. in this paper, saying as how he was a lonely soldier and wanted sympathetic correspondents to write to him. Ladies preferred, was what he said."

"Did it work?"

"Work? I should just think it did! Why, it took a special train to bring all the letters and parcels that came for him. He could have married some of them."

"Married who?"

"The girls who wrote the letters."

"Why didn't he, then?"

"Because he was married already, Tug."

"Poor devil!" murmured Wilson.

Nobby Clarke looked up with interest.

"I'd like to try this scheme, if it doesn't cost too much," he observed. "Does it say what the damage is in that paper, Ginger?"

"The minimum charge for announcements in this column is 12s. per three lines, and 4s. per line afterwards," read out Jordan.

"That's torn it," said Nobby. "I've only got six French halfpennies to last me until next pay-day. Of course, if Tug Wilson here likes to be matey and lend us that twenty-franc note of his he can come into this."

"What do you mean by come into it?" inquired Wilson, regarding him suspiciously.

"Why, you can have a read of the letters after I've done with them. Now, what about lending me the money?"

"Nothing about it, Nobby."

"You won't lend it, then?"

"Not in these trousers!"

"Oh, well, Ginger, we're done."

"No, we're not," returned his comrade, who was still poring over the column. "I've got an idea."

"Got a what?"

"Idea, if you know what that is. You can get all the letters you want from lovely young women without paying anything for 'em."

Nobby looked at him pityingly, and shook his head.

"Sad case," he murmured. "Probably caused by long exposure to the fatigues of active service. You ought to see the medical."

"Better see him yourself, and ask him to cure you of being dotty."

"Well, tell us this precious scheme of yours."

"Shan't."

"Don't believe you've got one," said Wilson. "You're only codding."

Private Jordan rose to the bait.

"Very well," he said, with a triumphant grin. "This is the dodge. You needn't waste money advertising. All you have to do is to answer somebody else's advertisement. See? Here's the very thing! Just listen to this, you chaps—'A young lady will be pleased to correspond with any lonely members of the Expeditionary Force in France. Write Box 1327, Times Office.' How's that?"

"There isn't any catch, is there?" inquired Wilson. "I mean, she doesn't say 'officers only,' or anything silly like that?"

"No; she'll take on anyone. Now's your chance, Nobby. Wire

in and send her a pretty letter."

"Why should Nobby write it?" demanded Wilson jealously.

"Because he's the best scholar. You forget he's failed twice for a third-class school certificate. Besides, we'll all share the answers."

"What makes you think that, Ginger?" inquired Nobby.

"Because I thought of this plan first, young fellow-my-lad."

"Very well. I'll have a shot at it to-morrow when we're relieved. This letter will take a bit of writing, though."

"Why?" put in Wilson.

"Because, Tug, my clever young military friend, there's a lot hanging on to it. I must go careful. Properly worked, it means fags for all of us. Other things too, perhaps."

[Continued overleaf.]



A PEER'S NIECE ACTING IN "A KISS FOR CINDERELLA":
MISS ELIZABETH POLLOCK.

Miss Elizabeth Pollock, who is appearing in Sir James Barrie's charming play, at Wyndham's Theatre, is the youngest daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Adrian Pollock, and niece of Viscount Selby.

Photograph by Yevonde.

PRELUDE IN A FLAT!



THE ENVOY: The lady in the flat below sends 'er compliments an' will you stop it.

THE ORGANIST: My compliments to the lady, and tell her the organ is not the only thing that can be blown!

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

"What other things?"

"Soldier's comforts—gloves, picture-papers, cake, socks, under-shirts, sweets, flannel waistcoats, cigars, warm pants——"

"Steady on there," said Wilson. "You won't get no warm pants."

"Why not?"

"I'm surprised at you. Writing to a young lady, aren't you? Where are your blooming Society manners? Asking for warm pants indeed! What next?"

"Horribly indelicate suggestion," added Jordan reprovingly.

"Very well," said Nobby. "There'll be all the more room in the parcel for fags. If anyone was to send me a boxful I could find a good home for it."

A moment's pause ensued. It was broken by Wilson.

"Jolly good scheme; but what's to stop someone else thinking of it, and writing a letter too?"

"This," said Nobby, as he tore out the advertisement, and, after first carefully copying the address, thrust it into a glowing brazier.

The other looked at him admiringly.

"You think of everything," he declared.

II.

The next day it was the turn of the platoon to be relieved for a spell of rest in billets. After tea, Nobby, accompanied by his friends, betook himself to a Y.M.C.A. hut to draft his letter. It was a difficult task, and in accomplishing it he used up so many sheets of the free writing-paper that the spectacled hero behind the counter refused to supply him with any more.

"Why can't I have as much as I want?" demanded Nobby in an aggressive voice. "Writing-paper's given away free, isn't it? You say so in the advertisements asking for subscriptions."

"Yes," returned the official; "but you're not supposed to write novels on it."

"Who's writing novels, Mister?"

"Well, what are you writing?"

"If you want to know particular, I'm writing to a young lady friend. I want to tell her what good work you brave Y.M.C.A. chaps are doing for us poor neglected soldiers in France. Now, then, hand over another sheet of paper and an envelope—sharp!"

The applicant's attitude was so menacing that, in the interests of peace, the other judged it best to comply. Thereupon Nobby was emboldened to demand a fresh nib and a clean blotting-pad as well. Then, laden with his spoils, he returned to his comrades, and once more devoted himself to the labours of composition.

It was to an admiring audience that, at the end of half-an-hour, he read the result—

"Somewhere in France.

"DEAR MISS,—I have seen your kind advert. This comes hoping it finds you in the pink as it leaves me at present. I have roomatizics in both legs. It is because of sitting in trenches with seven or eight feet of water. If I had a nice pair of gum boots (size 9) my legs would be all right. The French soldiers about here are a very ignorant lot. They can't none of them talk any English. The words, *liberte, egalite, fraternite*, written up all over the place, mean long live France. I would forward you a picture postcard, only a chap called the censor opens our letters and you might not get it. A good plan is to mark sox on parcels with wood-bines in them, because then there is not so much chance of the post orderley pinching them. We are very short of woodbines here. Now I must draw to a respectful conclusion.—Your true friend,

"NOBBY CLARKE,

"No. 2114, private, 20th Service Battalion Rutland Light Infantry, "B.E.F., France.

"P.S.—My mate, No. 2207 Pte. Jordan, sends his best respects. He would write himself, only he can't spel very well."

"Steady on," said Jordan, looking over his shoulder. "You can cut that bit out."

"What's the matter? Aren't you sending your best respects, then?"

"I mean that about the spelling part."

"You ought to put in 'kind regards' too," suggested Wilson.

"It's what Topper Harris did when he wrote to the old girl where he was footman once. She sent him five bob at Christmas."

"Sorry. It's too late now. I've licked down the envelope."

"What about addressing it?"



VERY POPULAR IN SOCIETY:
MISS BEATRICE CLERKE.

Miss Clerke is the only daughter of Sir William Francis Clerke, eleventh Baronet, and Lady Clerke, who is a daughter of the late Graham Menzies, of Hallyburton House, Coupar Angus. One of Sir William's ancestors, Sir John Clerke, of Weston, took prisoner the Duke of Longueville, in the "Battle of Spurs," in 1513.

Photograph by Yevonde.

"Ah, I nearly forgot," said Nobby, as he took up his pen and continued writing—

Miss Box,
1327 Times Office,
London.

"When the Censor finds there's no money in it, he'll let it go all right. How long before I get an answer, do you think?"

"Oh, about a week."

III.

It was, however, considerably more than a week that elapsed before any response arrived. After ten days' suspense, Private Clarke lost his sanguineness, and openly hinted at the dishonesty of the Field Post Office which served his particular district. Everybody connected with the department fell under a cloud of suspicion. This was assiduously fed by his comrades.

"I saw the post-corporal wearing a new pair of socks to-day," observed Tug Wilson. "When I asked him where he pinched them he threatened to put me in the clink."

"It looks bad," agreed Jordan; "especially when the despatch-rider who brings up the mail-bag was smoking a cigar this morning."

"I'll bet it was one of mine," said Nobby, in a voice of gloom.

"And the train officer had a big bundle of story-books," added Jordan.

Still, that evening the postal authorities managed to relieve their tarnished reputation.

"Here you are, Nobby," said the orderly who appeared with the bulging mail-bag, as he handed him a carefully secured cardboard box. "Thirsty work, lugging this about and trying to find you."

"Pity that no-treating order hasn't been cancelled," observed Nobby, as he fingered the package and examined the address written in a feminine hand. "Wonder what's inside this? Not over-heavy. Still, the best quality fags never weigh very much."

"I could do with a smoke," declared the corporal.

"Ah, well, perhaps there might be one for you later on."

"Open it, and see how many you've got," urged Wilson. "I'll lend you a knife."

"And I'll help you to cut the string," added Jordan.

With the assistance of his comrades, who closed round him, Nobby removed the brown paper wrapper and disclosed a long cardboard box. Tearing off the lid, he plunged his hands inside and drew out the contents. The next moment his face fell.

"What's this game?" he demanded blankly, as he deposited on the table a bundle of something that resembled dried weeds and withered blossoms. "This isn't tobacco."

"More like dead flowers," remarked the corporal. "Have another look. Perhaps the fags are underneath."

"There isn't anything else here," reported Nobby, as he made a second search.

"Yes, there is," said Tug Wilson, whose sharp eyes had discovered a slip of folded paper. "Here's a letter. I expect it says when the other things are coming."

"If anyone has pinched them there'll be a row," announced Nobby, glancing wrathfully at the post-corporal. Then he picked up the sheet of paper. "This has come from her all right," he added, as he read the contents with a lowering brow. "H'm, not what might be called chatty. Listen here, you fellows. What do you think of this for a piece of nerve—

"Miss Clara Bunting (Box 1327 Times Office), Kitchener Villa, Tunbridge Wells, presents her compliments to Mr. Nobby Clarke, and begs to acknowledge his letter of the 5th inst. Miss Bunting notes

THE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER OF A PEER:

THE HON. RUBY HARDINGE.

The Hon. Ruby Hardinge is the elder of the two daughters of Viscount and Viscountess Hardinge. Her elder brother, Lieutenant the Hon. H. R. Hardinge, Rifle Brigade, was killed in action in May last year. Miss Hardinge was born in 1897.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]

that Mr. Clarke is fond of flowers. Unfortunately, woodbine is not procurable just now. She is accordingly sending him some jasmine from her garden, which she hopes he will receive safely."

The two warriors looked at one another in gloomy silence.

"What are you going to do about it?" said Jordan.

Nobby Clarke shrugged his shoulders. Then he picked up the despised offering and walked towards an empty brazier.

"We'll have a bonfire," he returned. "This muck will come in useful, after all. Got a match on you, Tug Wilson?"

THE END.



GERMAN MEN'S FASHIONS. By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

The DAILY MAIL reports that the "Imperial League for German Gentlemen's Fashions" met in Berlin recently and the German styles for 1916 were decided upon, and all concerned—tailor, cutter, fashion editor, and customer—are called upon to support the holy war for emancipation from English Fashions."

This is a crushing blow to England, and particularly am I sad at heart at this "Strafe Bond Street Styles crusade." No more will carefully

conceived designs of the West End adorn the Friedrichstrasse or Unter den Linden. And yet, for the last time, only two months before the war broke out, Herr Hoffman, the Kaiser's tailor, came to me in Bond Street and purchased every new model produced for the season in order that he might duplicate them for the delectation of the bloods in Berlin. During 1912 and 1914, being recognised as somewhat of an authority on style, articles from my pen

appeared in many of the Berlin newspapers. Now, alas, my prestige there has gone for ever.

I am all afire to know what form these "cultured" German styles will take. That they will be elegant is clear to all who know the grace and symmetry of the average German's figure. True it is that most of them incline to rotundity, but let us hope that the good effects of a stringent blockade may make them less obese.

POPE & BRADLEY

Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

MUFTI SUITS.

THE condition of the woollen markets is growing rapidly worse and prices continue to rise at a phenomenal rate. The public has not yet realised that the prices of finished woollen fabrics have advanced 80 per cent. since the commencement of the war.

The reason the House of Pope and Bradley has not so far increased its charges is that, being one of the largest buyers in the West End, this situation was anticipated, and they at present hold a great stock at normal prices. This stock will be sold on the usual basis of profit and the public will reap the benefit. When it is exhausted the prices must necessarily be advanced enormously. The minimum price of a Pope and Bradley lounge suit is now £4 14s. 6d., and it is no exaggeration to say that if we had to buy materials at the present market price we could not supply the same suit at less than £7 7s.

The mufti styles of the House are all designed by Dennis Bradley, and as there will be no change in fashion whilst the war lasts, it is a very sound economy for those who can afford it to replenish their wardrobe at the present moment.

A copy of "The Man of To-Day," which deals exhaustively with men's dress in every phase, will be forwarded upon application.

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11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.



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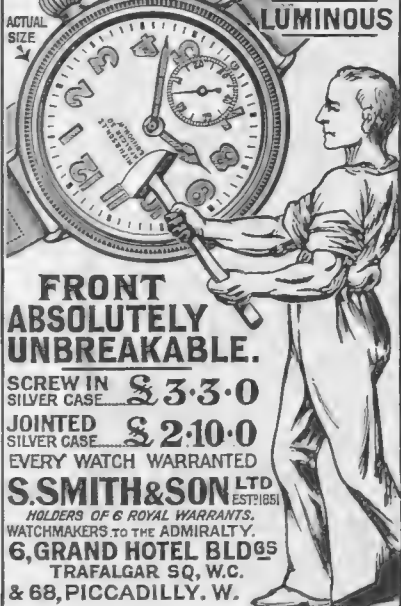
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IL CAPITANO

When our good King, Emmanuel III., signed the decree calling the '90 class, our brave *soldati* returned from all parts of the world. They brought me back many souvenirs from their adopted countries, but the gift I treasure most is a packet of English cigarettes called Cavander's "Army Club" Cigarettes. I was told that English smokers liked them better than any. *Hanno ragione perché sono eccellenti.* (They are right, because the cigarettes are excellent.)



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WOMAN'S WAYS

Savings.

However much the Government may alter the clocks, it is reasonably certain that numbers of middle-aged persons will refuse to breakfast at eight instead of nine, and will go to bed at their accustomed hour, winking, so to speak, at the "official time" and living their lives just as they used to do. For the sedate, unless they are sleepless, do not like rising with the lark, nor do they sing pæans of praise to salute the new-born sun. In midsummer, in Scotland, if any of us are lucky enough to be in the Highlands, we shall have to go to bed—at nine-thirty real time—in broad daylight. It will recall the chastenings of our wayward infancy, or those nights in Norway when the sun remained, an obstinate, fluffy, dissipated-looking ball, interminably in the sky. The very young are prone to be exaggerated in their ideas about bed; either they cling to it and spend an unreasonable amount of time under eiderdowns, or else they are up, skipping and squealing, when sober folks are still drowsy. The changed dinner-hour is the great problem of the newest scheme for saving. It is quite clear that, however much we may dislike it, we shall have to dine at six o'clock of a June afternoon if we go to the theatre. Thus will the Great War come home to the laziest and most conservative citizen at last.

The Hat Problem.

There are those who think that in the present crisis we should form a fashionable no-hat brigade, make the wearing of head-gear "frumpish," and thus snap our fingers at the soaring prices of even a simple straw hat adorned with a shilling's-worth of ribbon or a single rosebud. It may be a pity, but the whole female population of these islands cannot eschew hats in summer-time. I do not know whether there is any real reason for trebling the prices of simple straw hats within a few years. At the present moment it is quite possible to wear quite charming hats without too great a strain upon the purse, providing women will take a little trouble and buy with their eyes open. It would be unreasonable, and in a sense unpatriotic, to forego the indulgence of buying a new hat or two now that the months of sunshine which we hope for are upon us. A little taste, and a little trouble, and we can all look our best without bringing down upon us the charge of a lack of patriotism.

No Legend, No Rebellion.

I hope the Government are not going to allow any more romantic marriages of the condemned rebels, such as that of Joseph Plunkett. Ireland lives on romance and tradition; "martyrs" are manufactured before you can say Jack Robinson, and their fate will

become the theme of song and story to remind Irish peasants round their peat-fires of the German-made revolution of 1916. I have not the smallest doubt—so strange are we—that the Plunkett wedding, celebrated an hour or so only before the man was shot, will be the subject of a small and moving tragic play, and that Londoners, about the year 1920, will be applauding it from their stalls. It is our failure to take Ireland seriously which brings all these tragedies about, once in every century. The Irish are devoted to personalities, and you have only to create a tragic and poignant legend to rouse a section of the people. The persons who engineered this futile



THE SERBIAN RELIEF FUND MATINÉE: MRS. BERTRAM CHRISTIAN, A MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE.

Mrs. Bertram Christian was a member of Lady Greville's Committee which organised the successful matinée held at Drury Lane on May 9, Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria, the Princess Royal, and Princess Maud being present. Mr. Christian is Chairman of the Fund. Mrs. Christian is a daughter of Mr. Edmund Clutterbuck, of Hardenhuish Park, Wiltshire.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.

rebellion are quite aware of this; but we have "The Playboy of the Western World" to prove that action, to win esteem, must be successful.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Lady Randolph as Seer.

Without treating of the end of things present—meaning all those linked with the war—Lady Randolph Churchill permits herself glimpses into the future. Without indulging in finalities—she writes "immortal and still more immortal"—she finds herself unconsciously something of a seer, the seer who prophesies by contrasting Now with Then, and deducing. Take her on two points in which all are interested, however much they may deny it—matrimony and money.

On War-Weddings.

First the war-wedding. Lady Randolph starts by imagining the old adage, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure," translated into "Marry in War and repent in Peace." But she does not really think the need for repentance great! On the contrary, she writes: "Surely the glorious spirit called forth by these stirring times, of which such unions are the result, must be of value. For certainly the best in both sexes is paramount, and must leave its mark for the better on future generations." She knows, too, that she is dealing with a big problem. "Business as usual" has been advocated in most things, and although I am not aware that Hymen has been specially circularised, it is a fact that trade with him has been unusually brisk. In London alone, since the outbreak of the war, about four times the usual number of marriage licenses have been issued, and a large number of special licenses, which in ordinary times are seldom applied for, or granted—all of the applicants being naval or military officers, who, in their war-like ardour, would seem to agree with Stevenson that 'Marriage is a field of battle; and not a bed of roses.'

A Reason Why.

The next problem is the reason for this. Lady Randolph makes answer. "It is a psychological fact that a man who is going to risk his life has a natural desire to leave someone behind either to mourn him or to carry on his name. Then, when we turn to the feminine side of the question, we ought not to forget the part played by the khaki uniform, and all that it symbolises to the woman. How striking is the transformation of the man seemingly without grit, and with apparently no purpose in life. Only yesterday, with rounded shoulders, he was trying to shuffle himself into her good graces. To-day he gets his marching orders, and at once becomes a hero in her eyes." Secondly: war extravagance and economy—still in connection with marriage. "In the 'seventies and 'eighties a young couple with social aspirations thought £2000 a year or thereabouts ample income to marry on; whereas in this twentieth century few of the *jeunesse dorée* would venture to live on what they would consider such a miserable pittance. . . . This war is revolutionising everything; we are becoming more simple—primitive, in fact, and it is no longer thought a crime to be poor. The present crisis has given, moreover, a wonderful stimulus to the marriage market." From this, she continues: "That everything will be changed when this great struggle is over is a certainty, and we shall surely resort to a simpler mode of life, which will last for at least a generation or two. For the more virile a nation becomes, the more she seeks for, and asks for, simplicity and truth."—Lady Randolph has "Small Talks" on various other subjects, from "Suffragist Strategy," as it is now, to "Vanity," "Personality," and "Indiscretion"; from "The English Girl of To-day" to "Forms of Excitement." Her views may be read with great interest.

"Small Talks on Big Subjects." By Lady Randolph Churchill. (C. Arthur Pearson; 2s. net.)



THE SERBIAN RELIEF FUND MATINÉE:
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Mrs. Wyndham-Quin is the wife of Captain Richard Wyndham-Quin, 12th Lancers, who is now serving in France. She took part in the Drury Lane Serbian Matinée, on May 9, organised by Lady Greville. Mrs. Wyndham-Quin is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Swire, of Hillingdon, Harlow. Captain Wyndham-Quin is the eldest son of Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin and Colonel Wyndham-Quin, who is heir-presumptive to the Earl of Dunraven.

Photograph by Yevonde.

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Uniforms Smart or Sloppy.

War has brought uniforms to women, as to millions of men, who had never an idea of wearing them. As I see them, I think how well worth while it is to have them made at good places. The uniforms turned out in scores are so unbecoming to their wearers, so sloppy and untidy, and in the end not economical because their lives are short. Made by first-rate tailors, such as are found at Jay's, these uniforms are smart and neat, and, being of the very best materials, last much longer. Their wearers take them into their close affections and look after them, and so it is far better war-time economy to have a uniform built at Jay's than half-a-dozen run up somewhere else. As to the good people who air their objection to women wearing khaki, they might just as well object to them making munitions!

The Good Gas.

We all know enough about poison gas and the German use of it, but I maintain that we do not know enough of the beneficent gas that is one of the chief treasures of our domestic economy. A little while ago I was staying where coal was £4 a ton. We did without it, and we never missed it, thanks to the good gas which warmed us, cooked our food, and heated our bath-water; and so we gave coal a cold farewell, and warmly welcomed genial gas, with its heat, light, and cleanliness, and its war-time economy.

A Countess Cook.

Prince George of Battenberg, who is a nephew of the Tsaritsa, is engaged to a young cousin of the Tsar who, despite her position, has thoroughly studied cookery. She has quite a talent that way, and has made delicacies for invalid soldiers. She is also a mistress of the art of dress, and in her culinary attire looks what Americans would call too 'cute for anything! That cigarettes and cookery do not go harmoniously together is the young Countess's only objection to the profession.

The Language of the Handkerchief.

It is not for use—the kind that speaks—but is a dainty little piece of lawn that goes with, or is a striking contrast to, the costume. One sees them beside their harmless, necessary comrades in Robinson and Cleaver's, the creators of the cult of the handkerchief. They have their habitation in a miniature breast-pocket, or are tucked into a smart lapel, and are used for signalling in the code of courtship. It is easier than the Morse code, and the last message, in the first phase, is the accidental dropping of the handkerchief, which is the beginning of acquaintanceship. Later, I fancy, the code is a secret one; it is, however, quite pretty to watch even by the uninitiated.

Chickens and Eggs.

There was to have been a family incubated for a certain occasion: science had calculated the moment—they should have been historic fowls. Alas! the day was wet and cold; and the feathered family have now, like the happiest nations, no history. Their incubation was quite ordinary; whereas, if the weather had been fine, they were to have greeted a fair young Marchioness anxious to impress on people the patriotic duty of keeping hens. Six hens

properly chosen, properly housed, and properly fed, should produce nine hundred eggs a year! But, if the chickens can't be hatched in bad weather, aren't the hens liable to go on strike if conditions do not please them?

An Art in Dress.

Possibly the most difficult of any art in dress is to do real hard work and keep tidy. Lots of women are strenuously employed now, and find the truth of this. The secret of it is suitability. If the dress is suitable to the job, the thing can be done. Of all the obstacles, hair is the worst. A woman's hair may be a glory to her; but it often isn't! Witness the girl 'bus-conductors, the motor-drivers, the trade-tricycle riders, the girl messengers, on wet and windy days: they are neat as new pins, except the hair. Think of the trouble in days of peace to find a becoming golfing-hat which was also practical, or a smart yachting-cap or hat; and now, when women are doing outdoor work in all weathers, it is their worst trouble to manage their hair tidily. If they cut it off and wear caps like men, they are called mannish and unsexed; and if it strays across their faces and into their eyes, they are dubbed unsightly. Personally, the things I have always envied a man most are being able to immerse his head in a basin of water any time he likes, and to wear a hat or cap that fits him. These are, of course, most unfeminine ambitions.

Metal Lace.

Our soldiers' and sailors' gold-lace trimmings are reduced to the mere markings of their rank; they look none the less soldierly or sailorly. We women have now taken on a craze for metallic lace of a filmy and fascinating kind. It is used with great effect as trimming for dinner-gowns. We are dressing quite nicely for dinner, even if it is only three courses. It is used for the 'cutest little caps that were ever invented; if we didn't call them caps, they might be taken for rosettes or choux! In dark hair, silver lace; in fair hair, copper lace; in red hair, oxydised lace—I assure you they are most alluring. This lace is not all made in England, but what is not is made by Allies. Nothing so essentially pretty and refined emanates from Frau and Fräulein land, although so many of them are said in German papers to indulge in French fashions—it must, I imagine, be a false allegation. Before the war, when we saw more of them, French dressing is a thing they were never accused of. Frau Frump and Fräulein Dump described most of them quite adequately. It has been found judicious to drop the Frau and have dresses from Paris when it was a woman's desire to fascinate!



A SUMMER GOWN FOR A WIDOW: A CREATION IN BLACK.

This costume is composed of black gros de Londres and Georgette crêpe, and is relieved by a small collar of white crêpe. A narrow ribbon sash of dull black is worn, and the Ninon veil has a hemstitched border of crêpe-de-Chine.

The new tax on theatre tickets will mean such an immense amount of work for Mr. Charles Gulliver's halls that he has had to open special booking-offices for the London Palladium and Holborn Empire. On the Palladium alone the tax will run into something like £15,000 per year; whilst the other twenty halls that Mr. Gulliver directs will pay something like half that amount each. Two new booking-offices have been opened—one next to the Palladium and the other next door to the Holborn Empire.



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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

TYRE-BURSTING AND ITS RESULTS: CARE AT CORNERS: THE SUCCESS OF THE "SUNBEAM."

Is a Tyre-Burst Dangerous?

It is almost an axiom among motor-car drivers that the sudden bursting of a tyre may be regarded with equanimity in the case of a back wheel, but that when it is a front tyre that collapses without warning, the consequences may be serious. While subscribing to this view on general grounds, a series of coincidences of late has led me to endeavour, if possible, to define the circumstances in which exceptions may be considered; for exceptions there certainly are, and nothing would be more unwise than to encourage the tyro in the belief that if he experience the contingency in question he must needs give up the ghost at once. It happened that I was driving along a secluded road with a good surface, and at a fair rate of speed, when the off-side front tyre went instantaneously flat. There was no deflection of the car's course, however, and I simply pulled up without difficulty. Not long afterwards I was listening to a friend's description of a Tourist Trophy Sunbeam which he had acquired, and incidentally he mentioned that, while driving it at over eighty miles an hour in the early morning on a deserted road, a front-tyre burst, and "kept him busy" for a few seconds, but without any untoward consequences. And now, on the other hand, comes the news that a well-known racing driver in America has met his death from a tyre-burst on the track.

The Factors of Safety.

What, then, are the factors which make for safety, or the opposite, when a front tyre is suddenly deflated? To arrive at these it is necessary to consider what actually happens in the first instance. The flattened tyre imposes a resistance on that particular wheel, and that resistance, for one thing, impairs the freedom and delicacy of the steering. From this cause an accident may be produced if the driver is executing a steering movement at the actual moment of the burst. He may be rounding a road-bend, and his calculations are not only disturbed, but the deflated wheel may be so hard to bring round that he may hit a bank on the opposite side to that towards which he is turning. But what if he is travelling in a straight line at the time? As old

A Question of Surface.

But whether a burst on a straight course is serious or not depends, I think, entirely on the surface of the road. If it is rough the resistance of the flat wheel will be intensified, and centrifugal force may cause the car to spin. If it is greasy, a side-slip is almost inevitable. Consequently, the ultimate effects are entirely a matter of whether



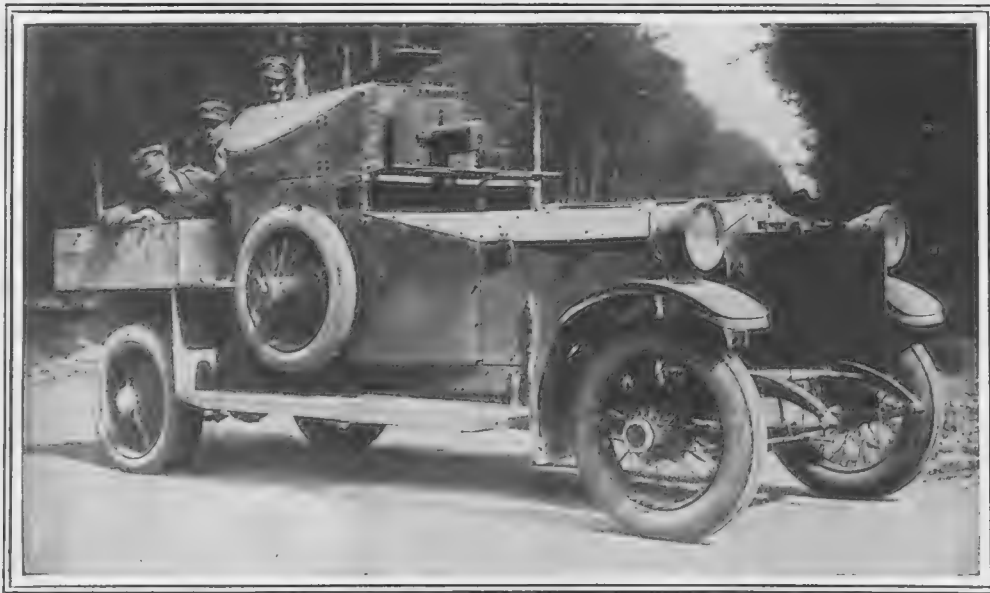
MOTOR ARTILLERY: CANNON TURRET CARS ON THE ITALIAN FRONT.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

the driver has or has not sufficient room to overcome the diversion of the car from its straight course. It will be realised, therefore, that a front-tyre burst is serious or not in direct ratio to the condition of the road at all times, and especially so if the car is not running straight, but is carrying out a particular manoeuvre of the driver. The resistance may be inoperative or it may not, and the two things to be chiefly feared are too high a rate of speed at a corner, so preventing the driver from adapting his steering to the requirements of the case, whatever the surface; and, secondly, a type of surface which renders the tendency of the car to pivot on a flat wheel a source of danger even on a straight course. When the speed is moderate at a corner, however, or the surface is good and dry alike on a straight run, there is nothing to be feared from a sudden burst even of a front tyre.

A Marvellous Car. Mention of the Tourist Trophy Sunbeam, by the way, leads me to remark what a marvellous production it was in every way. The car which my friend had just acquired was the "spare horse" of the quartet which figured so prominently in the Isle of Man on those memorable two days of June 1914. Never shall I forget Lee Guinness's victory on that occasion, or the amazing performance he and the car together achieved. I had to leave the course and hurry straight away to Vienna for the Austrian Alpine Trial with the cheers for the victorious Sunbeam still ringing in my ears; but I think I appreciated the nature of the type even more fully when the owner of the spare car in question took me out for a run a few days ago. For the vehicle weighs but 15 cwt., and is only rated at 15.9 h.p.; yet it carries a 30-gallon tank, does 30 miles to the gallon, and will run to Edinburgh and back without replenishment, added to which, the engine develops 100 h.p.,

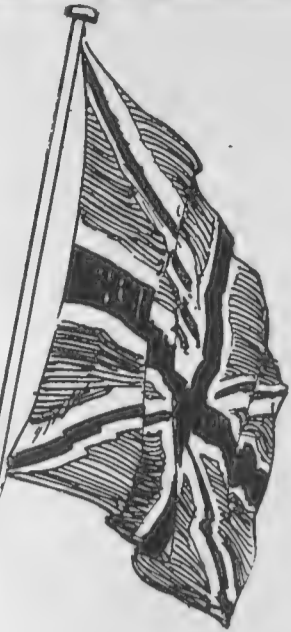
and the car can lap Brooklands at 107 miles an hour! And if anyone rejoins, "Cui bono?" he may be answered speedily. This wonderful engine was practically the foundation of the Royal Naval Air Service, for, multiplied by three, and made into a twelve-cylinder, it enabled our naval aeroplanes to do deeds before undreamt-of, to say nothing of further developments yet to come in the way of an engine still more powerful.



THE MOTOR AS ENGINE OF WAR: A BRITISH ARMoured CAR.

Official photograph, supplied by Alfieri. Crown copyright reserved.

motorists will remember, Mr. S. F. Edge gave a demonstration on the terrace of the Crystal Palace, many years ago, which showed that a tyre could even leave the rim bodily without the car being deflected from its course, though on that occasion, of course, the driver was on the *qui vive*, and it was open to point out that in ordinary circumstances on the road he might be driving more or less slackly when a burst occurred.



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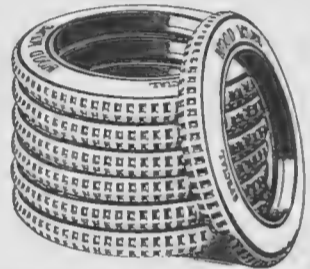
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

AT His Majesty's Mr. Martin Harvey began his Tercentenary Performances in a very interesting way with "Hamlet" presented in a novel fashion. Not wholly novel, perhaps, for others have given the great drama with simplified scenery, with mere curtains, with screens only, and so on. He is the first in London to offer it for a run without a realistic setting. The result was excellent. After all, in the case of the pictorial, archaeological method, the Bacon aphorism applies: "The better the worse." The more interesting and beautiful the realistic setting, the less your mind is concentrated on the play, which ceases to be "the thing." And, after all, pretty pictures were the outcome of Mr. Harvey's method, particularly in the case of the exteriors with a kind of "Chat Noir" suggestion. The actual performance is excellent without exciting enthusiasm. Mr. Harvey's own work is pleasing, pathetic, poetic, but somehow not altogether electrifying: it seems to be more of a fine study of the Prince than an effective presentation of the hero of a violent play. Exactly what is his view of the madness of the Prince I am uncertain. One always is uncertain, except in extreme cases, what view a player is supposed to be representing—even, indeed, after he has given elaborate explanations. Hamlet's madness baffles the actor as completely as it baffles the critic—but the former does not always know this. Miss Marie Linden was not a very queenly Gertrude; Miss de Silva somewhat overwrought her part; the very confidential Polonius of Mr. Rutland Barrington was amusing, but he hardly indicates the

shrewdness of the old man; Mr. Edward Sass was quite effective as the King; the First Grave-digger of Mr. Beresford was really excellent. Altogether a very creditable presentation in an excellent fashion of this stupendous drama.



AN INTERESTING THEATRICAL MARRIAGE: MISS FAY METCALFE—SECOND LIEUTENANT BASIL WAKEFIELD.

Miss Fay Metcalfe, who is a grand-daughter of the late Rev. G. M. Metcalfe, M.A., Vicar of Pipe and Lyde, Hereford, was married recently to Second Lieutenant Basil Wakefield, 6th Royal West Kent Regiment. Miss Metcalfe has acted in two of Sir Herbert Tree's productions in London, and has been on tour with Mr. Robert Courtneidge.—[Photograph by Dover Street Studios.]

"Kultur at Home," like many recent plays, has changed its habitation, and now may be seen—and deserves to be seen—at the Strand Theatre. Some changes have been made since the first night, and notably the "bloomer" as to the date of our interference in the Great War has disappeared. The clever comedy by Sybil Spottiswoode and Rudolf Besier, on the whole, remains unchanged. One still wonders how it happened that a sensitive, refined English lady of family came to marry into such a vulgar, boisterous Prussian set, although not much in love with the young man; and also why she made so poor an effort to adapt herself to the new life chosen with open eyes. And it is still difficult, or impossible, to believe in her conduct during the last act. On the other hand, a great deal of the work is amusing—rather horribly—and much is thrilling; also, with all her faults, one has an almost breathless sympathy with the unhappy heroine when she discovers the full horror of her position. Moreover, she is acted quite finely by Miss Rosalie Toller; whilst Mr. Malcolm Cherry presents skilfully the brutal young officer with some animal charm. The German bride, Elsa Kolbeck, is acted with much ability by Miss Dorothy Holmes Gore—a very promising actress; and the other German ladies are played cleverly by Miss Dora Gregory, Miss May Haysack, and Miss Una Venning. One of the best things is the admirable performance by Miss Marianne Caldwell of a kindly old German woman. [Continued overleaf.]

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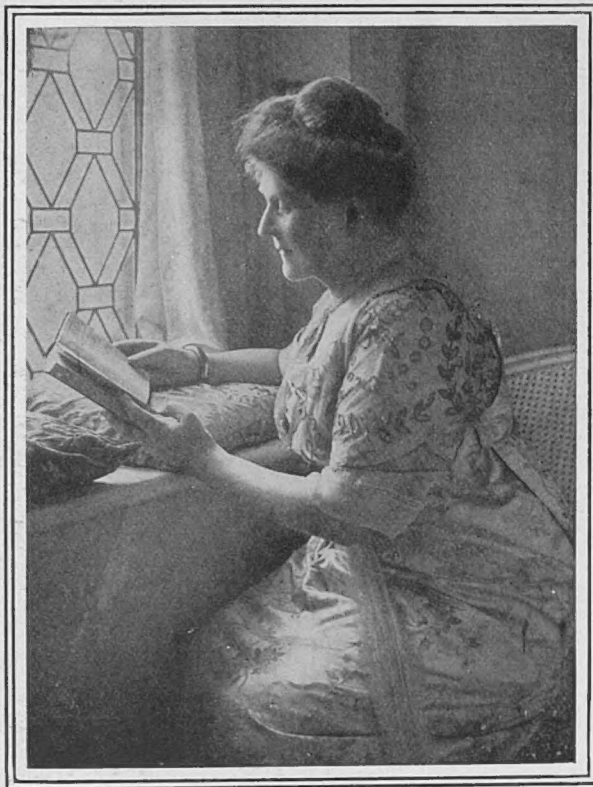
"The Boomerang," at the Queen's, is quite a jolly play, and likely to entertain all classes of playgoer by its harmless fun. It has not the subtlety or brilliance of "Caroline," but there is plenty of unsophisticated humour in its two love-stories, each with a happy ending. The American authors, Messrs. W. Smith and V. Mapes, have guessed very correctly what will amuse an audience, and they get roars of laughter out of such simple matters as a doctor's examination of a young man conducted in quite an ordinary fashion—and perhaps this was rather characteristic of the piece. For if you ask whether it has wit or originality, the answer must be somewhat uncomplimentary; but it certainly delighted the audience throughout. Even the rather long dumb-show passages now in vogue—to the vexation of the critics—caused hearty laughter. The playwrights owe much to the company. Miss Fay Compton acted with considerable skill and no little charm as the pretty nurse. Messrs. Kenneth Douglas and Stanley Logan played the chief male parts with a skill and delicacy of humour that marks a definite advance of each in his profession. Moreover, there is a kind of reserve in Miss Nina Boucicault and Miss Doris Lytton, neither of whom had anything like enough to do: it is vexing to see Miss Boucicault merely in a few short scenes as an unimportant but charming old lady. Mr. Charles Daly, during the last five minutes of the piece, gave a clever bit of character-acting.

Sir Charles Russell, always resourceful, had a good deal to do with the founding of the new shop off Bond Street, where gifts can always be sold in the interests of the Red Cross Society instead of lying idle till the next sale by auction. In the shop, says he, things can be disposed of without exposing them to the hazards of the sale-room. The hazards! What price

the hazards last week, when the Barratt collection, interesting and historic as were a number of the items, did extraordinarily well? Sir Joseph Beecham's bids for his old friend's possessions were hotly contested. Sir Thomas Dewar paid five thousand guineas for the Landseer; and that fine judge, Sir George Donaldson, was out to buy. Let us hope that the security of the business in the shop will be as profitable as the hazards of Christie's.

It may well be hoped that the public support of that most admirable institution, the Union Jack Club, Waterloo Road, will be greatly stimulated by the eloquent appeal made the other day, at the Savoy Hotel, by Sir Edward Ward, Chairman of the Council. The club has done incalculable good during its nine years of existence, and is a real club—self-supporting; but funds are needed for an increase in the sleeping accommodation, and sheer gratitude for the splendid services of our Navy and Army should ensure a ready and liberal response. The figures given as to those who have used the club are amazing, beds for nearly a quarter of a million having to be found last year, nearly a hundred thousand applicants having to be provided for by temporary devices. The Union Jack Hostel also has proved an inestimable advantage to the married people and the children; and there is no more fitting way of expressing our gratitude to our fighting forces than by sending donations for the Union Jack Club Extension Fund to the Honorary Treasurer, Union Jack Club, Waterloo Road, S.E., or to Messrs. Coutts and Co., bankers, Strand, W.C. Mr. H. E. Morgan has put his great experience at the service of the club as Honorary Organiser, and will show the public that here the Empire can make a worthy

and lasting expression of their gratitude. His Majesty the King is Patron-in-Chief of the club, and amongst its supporters are Mr. Balfour, Lord Kitchener, Sir John Jellicoe, and Sir Douglas Haig.



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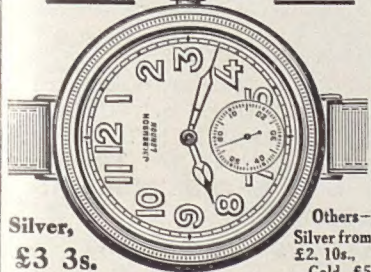
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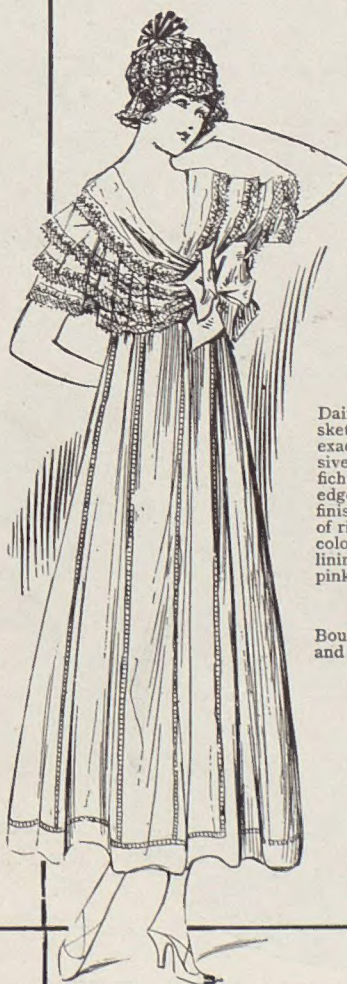
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